

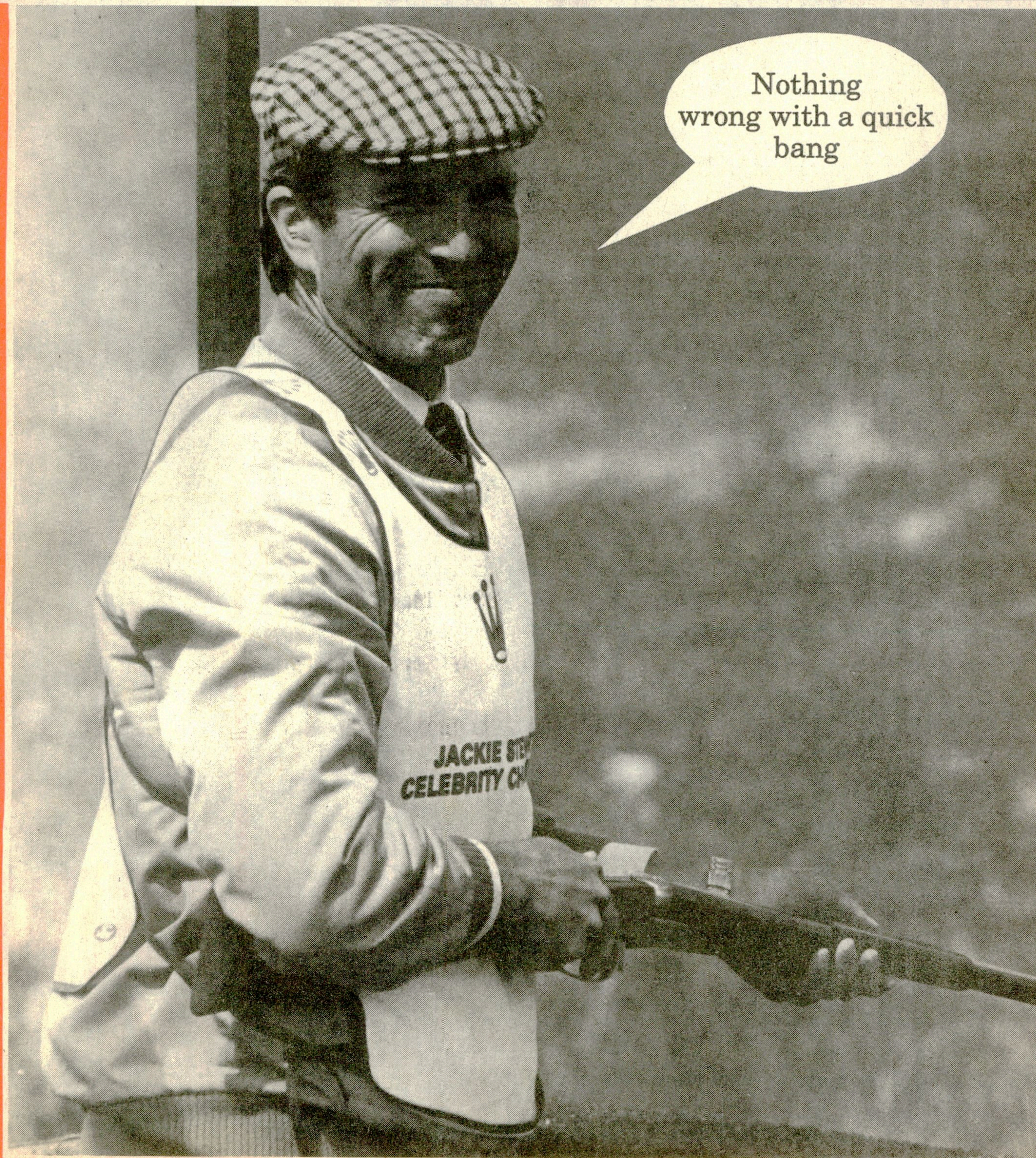


No. 764  
Friday  
9 March '91

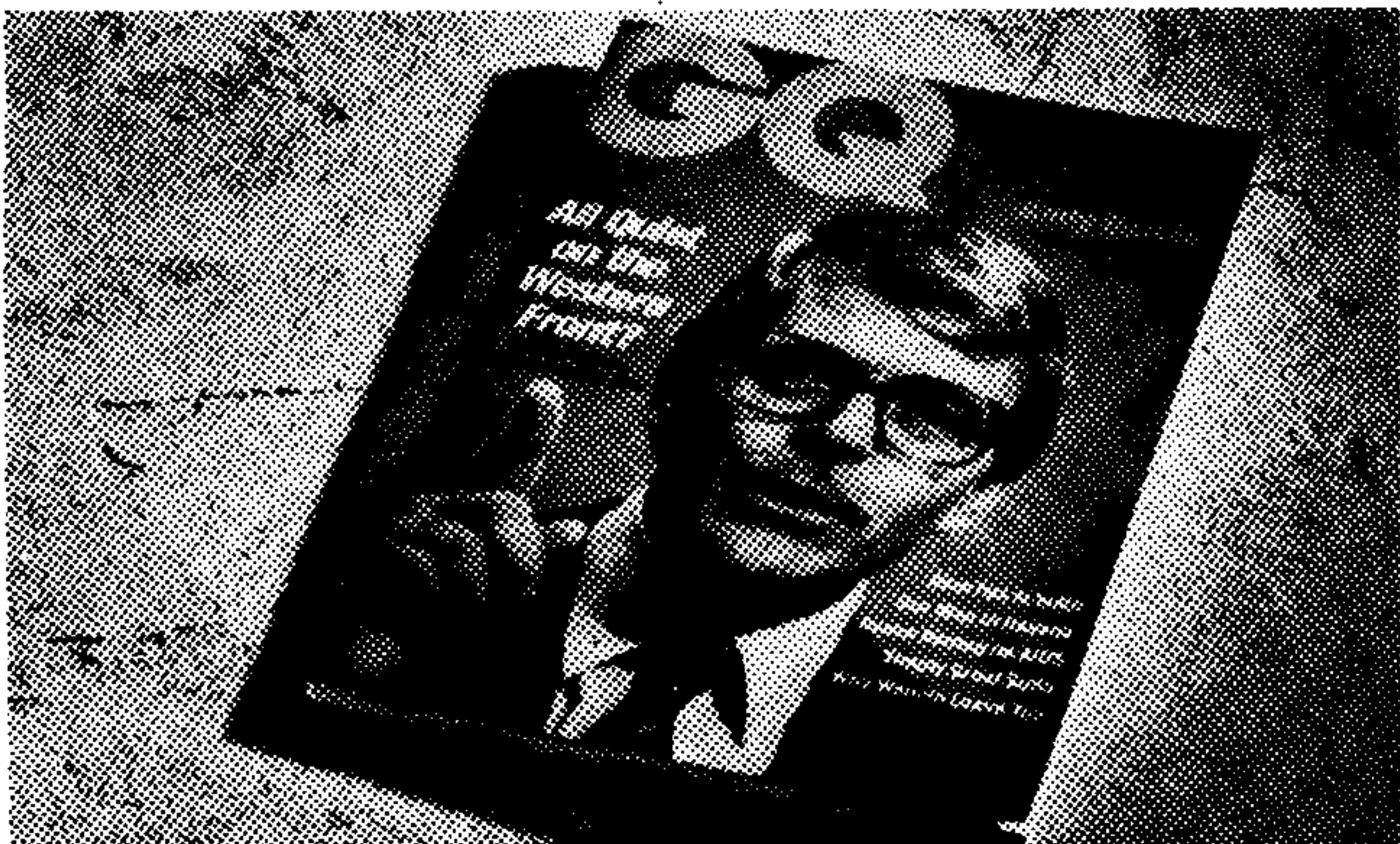
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70p

## MARK ISSUES STATEMENT



**GQ REVEALS  
THE  
INTERESTING  
SIDE OF  
JOHN MAJOR.  
(UNBELIEVABLY  
IT TAKES  
UP SIX PAGES.)**



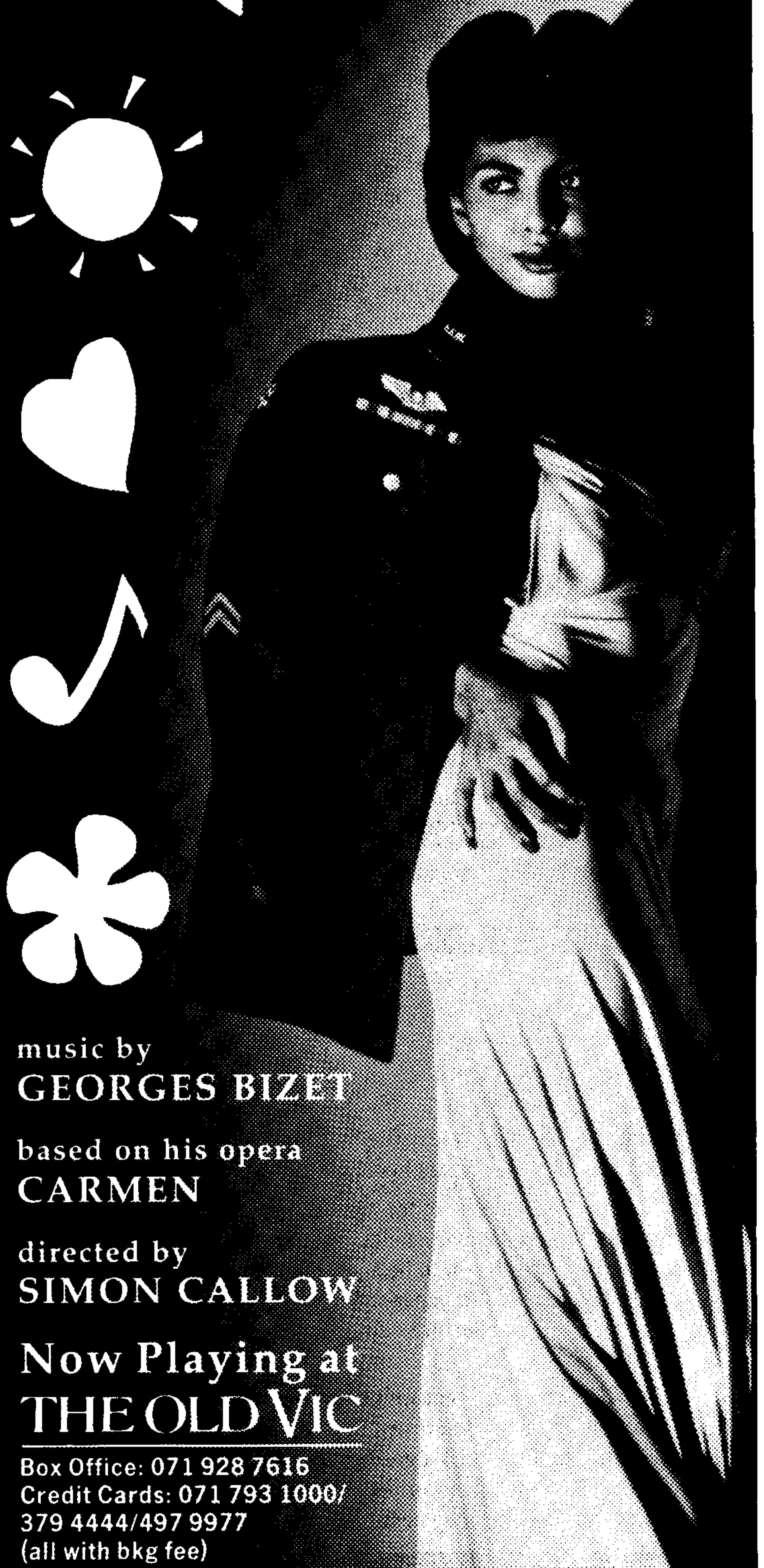
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Martha Gellhorn on her return to Havana.

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Isabel Hilton on her quest for the secret hiding place of General Alfredo Stroessner, South America's longest ruling dictator (she finds it—and, what's worse, him).

## EXOTIC FOODS

James Fenton eating a bowl of live ants. Salman Rushdie eating eggs of love.

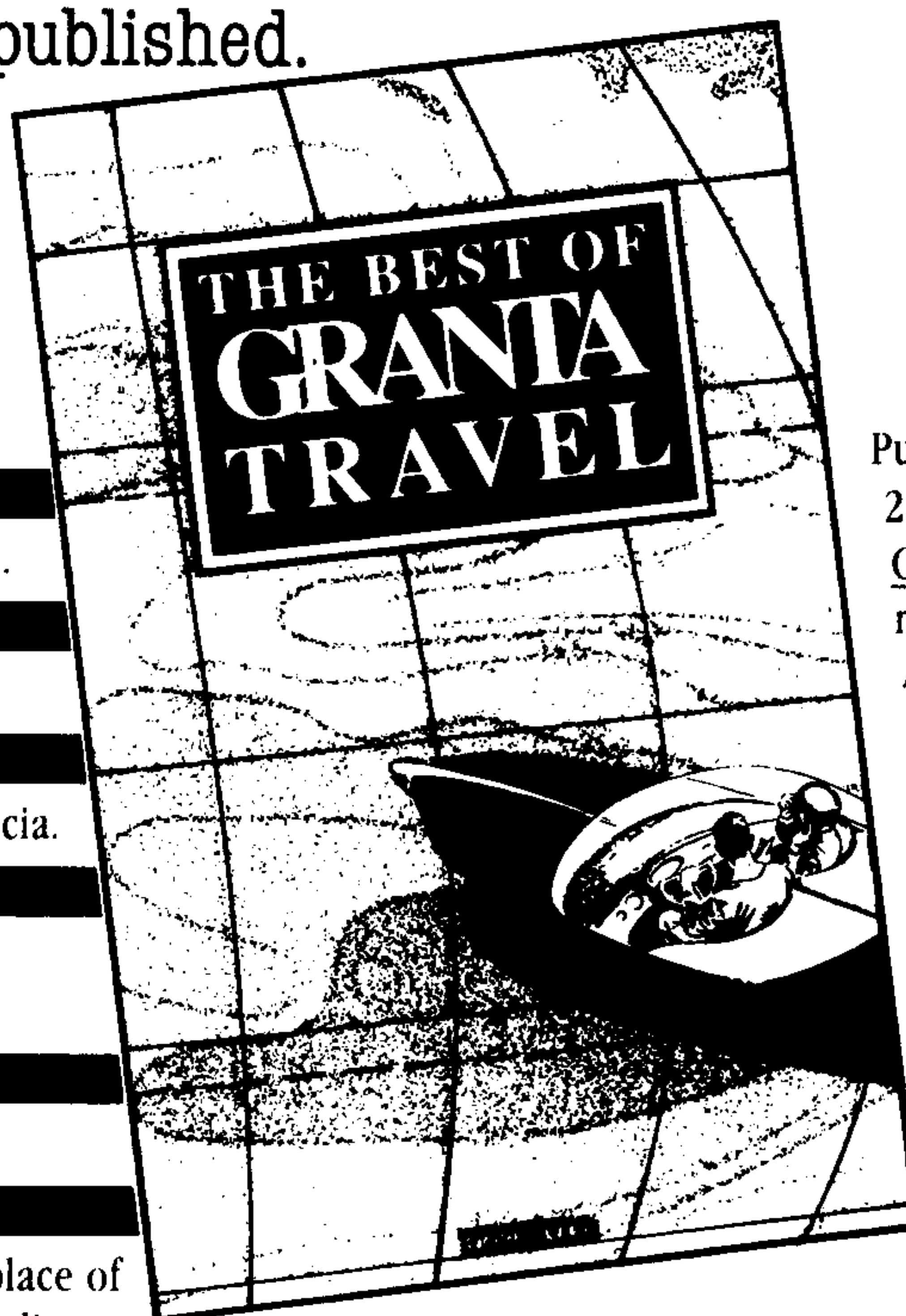
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*Now do you see the value of selective extravagance? Recession there may be. But depression? Never.*

*The Macallan. The Malt.*

# Gnome

I REGRET to inform you that I am resigning and leaving the country immediately since it has been revealed to me that I am "about to be at the centre of a tremendous and increasing controversy".

This message was passed on to me by the philosopher Socrates, who I met whilst having tea in the home of Mrs Batty Moonshine, the famous clairvoyant and mystic healer.

Mrs Moonshine managed to progress me into a state of higher awareness, during which time Socrates happened to be passing, and he gave me some advice that was so profound and so far-reaching that I could not ignore it.

The dialogue went like this:

**Socrates:** "Hello, Gnome. You are about to be at the centre of a tremendous and increasing controversy."

**Me:** "What will the controversy be, Socrates?"

**Socrates:** "It will be over whether you are completely genuinely bonkers or whether you've made it all up in order to sell your book."

I hope now you all understand.

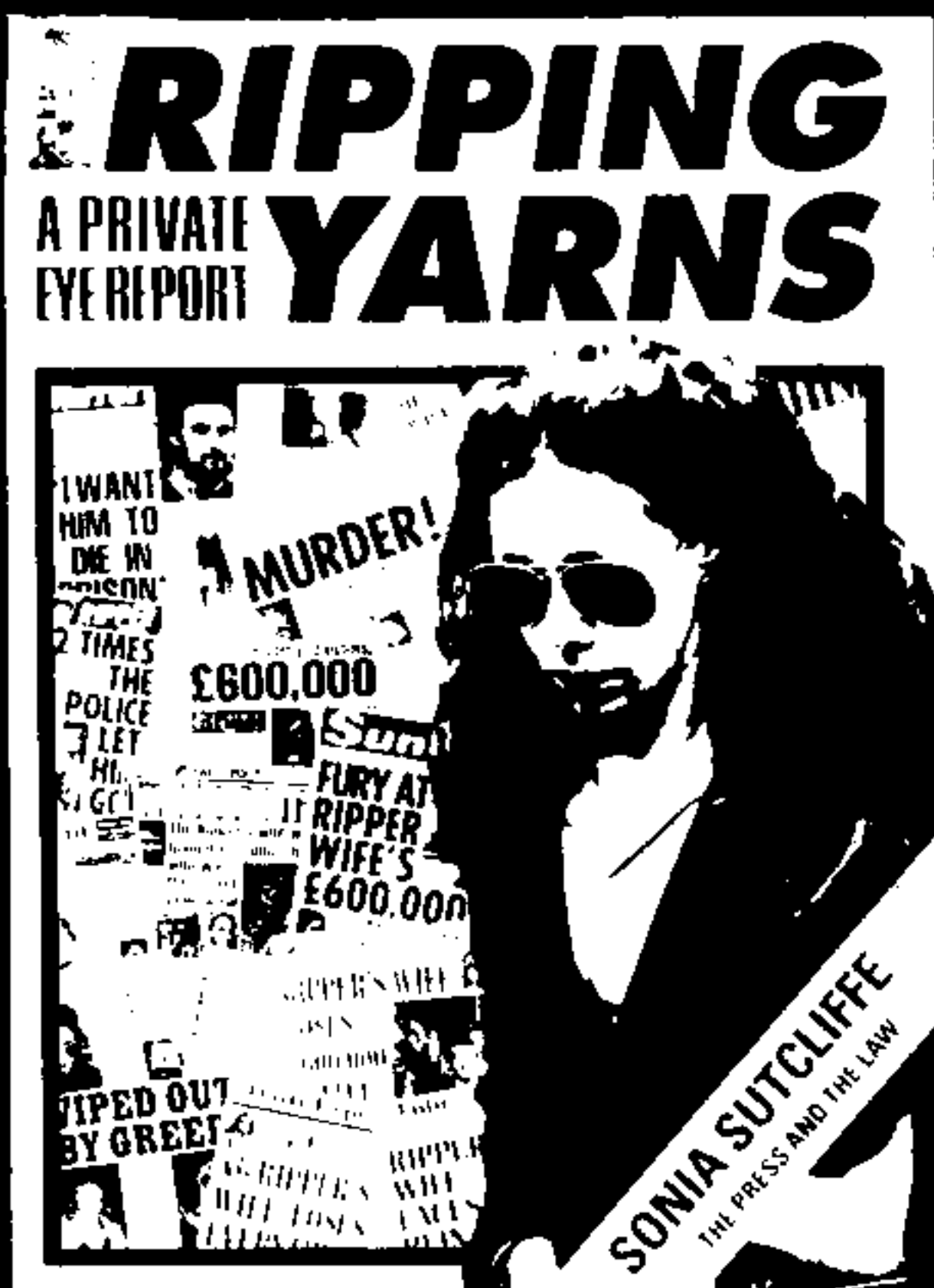
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**TWO JUDGES** sitting on the bench even more uneasily than Lord Lane after the release of the Birmingham Six are Mr Justice Judge (sic) and Mr Justice Mitchell.

As Igor Judge and Stephen Mitchell, they led the prosecution team which in 1987 so successfully persuaded lords Lane, O'Connor and Stephen Brown that the Birmingham Six were guilty.

One of the more remarkable pieces of evidence to emerge in the recent successful appeal was that the notorious Greiss test for explosives was carried out on the hands of all passengers on the Heysham/Belfast ferry soon after the bombings — and that the tests showed up positive on two passengers who had handled adhesive tape but (fortunately for them or they might have been tortured into a confession) had never been anywhere near Birmingham and had cast-iron alibis. This evidence proved in 1974 what is now well known — that the Greiss test was completely unreliable.

It was of course kept secret from the defence at the trial. In 1975, prosecutions regularly kept to themselves any evidence that was regarded as "too awkward" to their case. In 1981, however, the attorney-general issued new guidelines obliging the prosecution to turn over to the defence anything which might help its case.

On now to 1987 when Douglas Hurd, as Home Secretary, referred the case back to the appeal court and Judge and Mitchell were appointed for the prosecution. Were they told of the ferry swabs? If so, they should have passed the information on to the defence (which never got it). If not, some senior official in the DPP was breaking the guidelines and probably the law.

Many attempts have been made to find out how much Judge and Mitchell knew about this vital evidence. All to no avail. Perhaps the judges (who were speedily promoted after their heroic performance in keeping innocent men behind bars for three more unnecessary years) feel such matters are beneath their dignity.

**GEORGE BUSH'S** immense popularity seems to have postponed for a while revelations about his role in the "Contragate" arms-for-hostages scandal.

One prominent nationwide US current affairs programme has been beavering away on the story that it was the office of George Bush, vice-president, and not that of President Reagan, which set the whole operation in motion. The revelations, started many moons ago in the Eye, are now ready for broadcast but it seems that the TV station is waiting until pro-Bush hysteria dies down.

One fascinating by-product of the research is the role of Dan Quayle, Bush's joke vice-president. No one has yet explained how Bush could have promoted the unbelievably right-wing and idiotic Quayle to such high office and then stuck with him when his absurd gaffes almost wrecked the Bush presidential campaign. The answer may lie in the role of Rob Owen, a former ultra right-wing assistant to Quayle in the Senate, who played quite a part in the vice-presidential "arms for hostages" manoeuvres.

Owen stayed in the background when the Iran-Contra shit hit the fan and was never interviewed by the numerous committees of inquiry. Could it be that his silence about Bush's role in the scandal was assured by the promise of high office for his hero, Dan Quayle?

There is substantial precedent for such a suggestion. After all, the enormous Tower Commission report, though it dealt harshly with Reagan's involvement, managed to exonerate George Bush entirely. As soon as Bush was elected, he named Senator Tower, chairman of the Tower commission, as his defence secretary (Tower only

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lost the job when his drinking and womanising were publicly exposed). Brent Scowcroft, another member of the three-man Tower Commission, was luckier still: he became Bush's national security adviser.

**NOW** that violent civil war has been restored to the Gulf and the international conflict is largely over, how many hitherto enthusiastic fans of the allies' "smart" surgical strikes will eat their words?

Belatedly the Pentagon has revealed that only 7 percent of the bombs dropped on Iraq and Kuwait were "smart". The rest were pretty dumb; so dumb, in fact, that 70 per cent of them — 62,000 tons — missed their targets entirely. They must presumably have hit something: like civilian non-targets nearby, for example.

Meanwhile the stock price of Raytheon, makers of the "super-efficient" Patriot missile, has soared skywards, and old Star Warriors have claimed the Patriot to be a vindication of the Star Wars programme. But wait! The Patriots were never part of the programme. And once it is widely revealed that they often hit the fuel tanks of the Iraqi Scud missiles, allowing the warheads to travel on their way, the share price, like the missile debris, could well land with a bump.

**POLICE** investigating a multi-million pound fraud against the Inland Revenue could do worse than talk to red-faced executives at Barclays Bank.

The scam is delightfully simple. Many taxpayers make out cheques simply to "I.R.". Mail addressed to the Revenue is stolen and such cheques are altered to be payable to characters such as "I.R. Smith", "I.R. Jones", "I.R. Worsthorne", etc, for whom bank accounts have been set up by the thieves. The money is withdrawn as soon as the cheque clears, leaving the taxpayer none the wiser until the Revenue demands payment.

Some £170,000 has gone astray in this manner in London alone since the end of last year, with attempts made on a further £1.8 million. Nationally, about £8 million is thought to be at risk.

The wheeze originated in Ireland, where cheques to the Revenue are payable to the Collector General. One gang member visited Barclays' branch in Grafton St, Dublin, and asked to open an account in the name of his Italian au-pair, a certain Miss Collectora Generali.

Barclays obliged. Shortly afterwards a number of sacks containing cheques for the Revenue went missing from Dublin's central sorting office. These were quickly altered and paid into the sultry Miss Generali's account. After clearance the cash was withdrawn, leaving Barclays to pay a six-figure sum in compensation to the Revenue.



"These Russian tanks are jolly good for crushing civil unrest!"



**RUDDY-FACED** Indescribably boring supremo Andreas Whittam Stobes has turned a deeper shade of purple as he rages at the perfidy of his fellow-founder Stephen Glover, editor of the *Sindie*.

In conditions of great secrecy, the wily Glover and his political editor, Don Macintyre, asked John Major to lunch in the top-floor dining-room at City Road last Wednesday — without inviting or even informing Whittam Stobes, who is the overall boss of the *Sindie* as well as the *Indie*.

When Stobes learned of the visit, shortly after the PM left the building, his jealous fury was terrible to behold. It is expected that when Glover next approaches the chief executive of Newspaper Publishing plc (Mr A. Whittam Stobes), begging for yet more money to bale out his impecunious rag, he will swiftly be shown the door.

**NICK LLOYD'S** recent jaunt to Buckingham Palace to collect his knighthood (see *Grovel*) should have been an occasion of delirious joy for his wife, *Sunday Mirror* editor Eve Pollard. Alas! It was quite spoilt by the simultaneous delivery of a claim for unfair dismissal from her ex-assistant editor, Peter Miller.

It seems that La Bollard will be put through the legal wringer pretty comprehensively when Miller's case comes to court later this year. For his application — which has been deposited with the industrial tribunals HQ in Ebury Bridge Road, London SW1 — mentions the name of Eve Pollard more than a dozen times, and none too flatteringly.

Miller, it is said, doesn't want the money (he is a property millionaire already) but does want revenge for being sacked while at home recovering from a series of operations.

His decision to enlist Sue Grabbit & Runne caused such alarm at the *Sunday Mirror* that a four-strong team of hacks was commissioned to dig for dirt on him, led by "investigations editor" Steve Bailey and features editor Charles "Experienced" Golding. (At the AGM of the *Sunday Mirror's* NUJ chapel last Thursday, several hacks protested that journalists shouldn't spend their time prying into the affairs of their colleagues. Bailey and Golding, both of whom were present at the meeting, remained silent.)

Working from a "secret location" — an office round the corner in Fetter Lane, in fact — this squad of amateur detectives has investigated rumours that Peter Miller owns a vineyard in Australia (untrue) and that he has a major stake in a skiing company (also untrue). Amid howls of triumph, the clod-hopping Clouseaus recently alighted on a foreign bank account held by Miller. Here, surely, was the depository for all sorts of ill-gotten gains.

Unfortunately this "evidence" became rather tainted when it was revealed that a co-signatory to the account was a certain E. Pollard. It dated back to the time a few years ago when Sir Nick and Lady Lloyd purchased a flat in Spain with their great

friend Peter Miller. Fortunately, Miller bought out the Lloyds' share of the flat a year or so ago — before the ungrateful Bollard fired him.

Lady Lloyd is now so paranoid about Miller that she has been trying desperately to find out which of her staff were disloyal enough to attend his 50th birthday party recently. As well she might: the guests included a surprising number of her senior executives.

**ANYONE** who knows Joe Haines will tell you he is not a jealous man and would never lift a finger to undermine a colleague. Nor does he have a closed mind.

Witness his celebrated *volte face* in his attitude towards his employer, Mirror Group proprietor Captain Robert Maxwell MC, first exonerating Maxwell as a monster and a crook and then later shouldering the burdens as Maxwell's chief corporate assassin and official hagiographer. Until last year he was the Mirror Group's political editor and he still sits on the board of directors of the *Mirror* and the *Scottish Daily Record*.

However, when Roy Greenslade was brought from the *Sunday Times* to edit the *Daily Mirror* early last year, Haines was not consulted. Nor was he consulted over Greenslade's first appointment, that of fellow *Sunday Times* hack John Diamond as a columnist. The day before Diamond's first column appeared, Greenslade trailed it with the line: "Coming tomorrow to the *Mirror* — Britain's wittiest columnist..." This prompted Haines to storm into Greenslade's office: he was the *Mirror's* wittiest columnist and how dare Greenslade embarrass him like this.

Haines whispered poisonous reports in Cap'n Bob's ear until on 27 December 1990 the Cap'n faxed a memo to Greenslade, which read as follows:

*Thank you for your note on 18th December 1990 concerning research into columnists.*

*1: I note that you carried out this research to test the reaction to John Diamond's column. You should not have appointed him without consent.*

*2: We are not in the business of appointing unheard of people to columns on a major, national tabloid.*

*3: I want him terminated. By copy of this memo to Personnel I am giving them authority so to do as from the 1st January 1991.*

*4: You can use the space liberated by this move for better purposes unless you can get back the columnist whom we lost to the Mail [i.e. Keith Waterhouse, who left soon after Cap'n Bob took over the Mirror].*

*Regards, Bob.*

Greenslade was not going to be intimidated by this. He sent the following reply:

*"Your memo about John Diamond is breathtaking. Its implications also suggest that you have a short memory.*

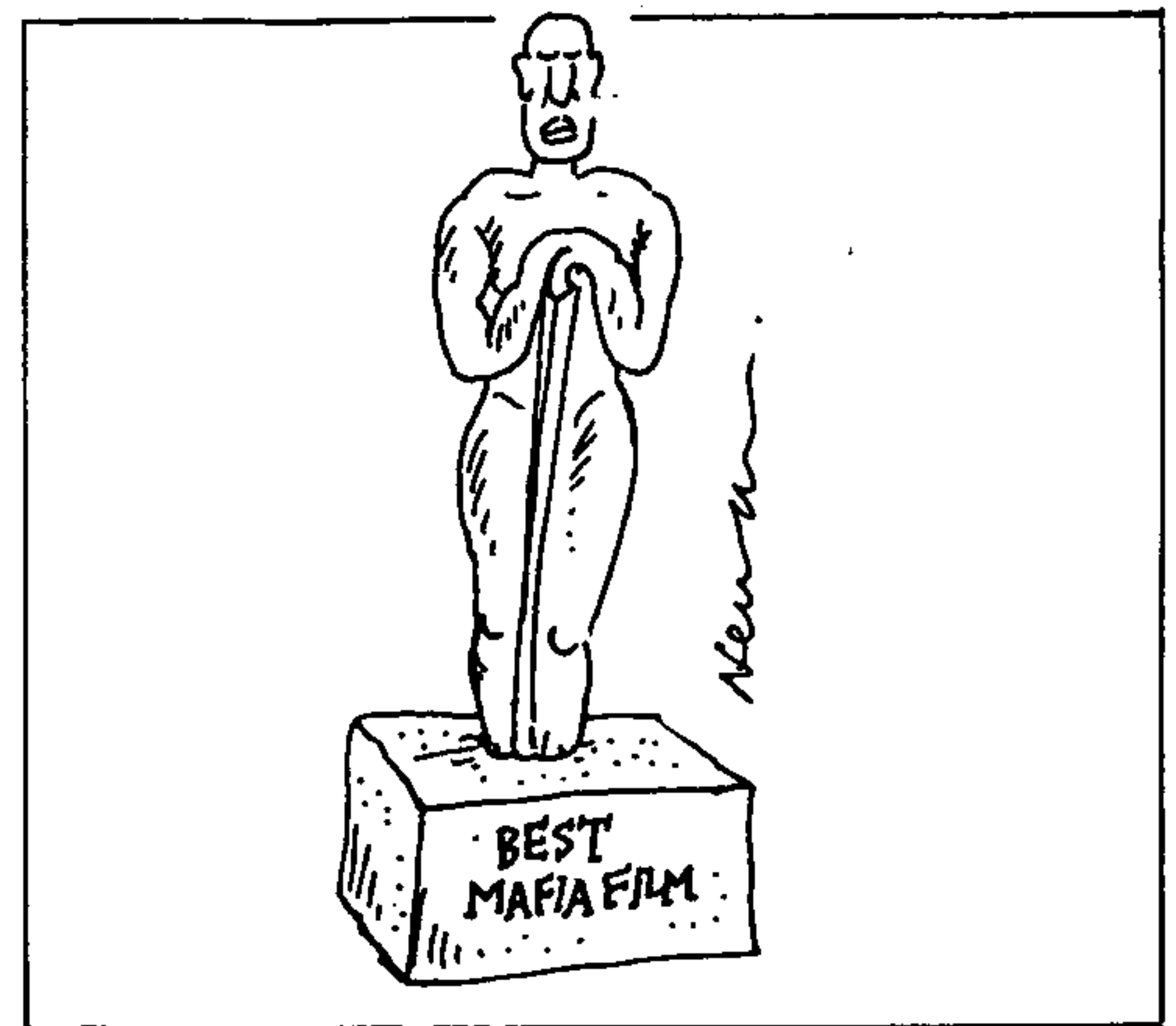
*1: John Diamond was not appointed without your consent, I have a copy of your signed approval to his being hired in February 1990.*

*2: You knew I was carrying out the research and you asked for the results. Presumably you do not like the results!*

*3: He was not unheard of in February 1990 (he was then a columnist on the Sunday Times) and he is not unheard of now (as his postbag would testify — confirmed by research).*

*4: I refuse to terminate him. He is an NUJ member, he has a contract of employment, he has my full backing.*

*Regards, Roy.*



The research showed that the *Mirror* columnists who received top ratings among readers were agony aunt Marge Proops and Anne Robinson.

Diamond's column, which had only been going for nine months, was known and read, at least occasionally, by three-fifths of the paper's 11 million readers. This was exactly the same rating as was scored by Joe Haines, a *Mirror* columnist for several years whose column ran in the more popular Saturday editions of the paper and hence obtained more exposure than Diamond's.

Haines was not to be thwarted, though. He started writing attacks on John Diamond in his own column and when Greenslade left the *Mirror* by mutual consent with Cap'n Bob, receiving a £150,000 pay-off following a dispute over editorial control, it was only a matter of time before Haines had Diamond at last. But Greenslade insisted that Diamond should be paid a full year's money, £36,000 after tax. Cap'n Bob agreed to this — surely, a reasonable price to assuage Joe Haines's hurt pride.

**WHILE** Greenslade was editor of the *Mirror* he had to suffer the sort of absurd and pompous hands-on approach that has marked out Cap'n Bob's proprietorship.

On one occasion the gargantuan publisher phoned Greenslade with a story that six cabinet ministers were about to resign. If true, this would have been the most remarkable political crisis in modern times. Who was his source, Greenslade quite reasonably asked? "I am the source," boomed the captain. A fortnight later, Maxwell complained that the story had not appeared, even when Greenslade explained that he hadn't been able to stand the story up. If Maxwell was the source, then the story required no further verification.

Another story that attracted the Cap'n's interest was that of the two British teenage girls caught smuggling drugs out of Thailand. On the day that the unfortunate girls were sentenced, Maxwell assured Greenslade he could run a story claiming the girls would be released within a couple of weeks. Once again, Cap'n Bob was "the source". It is to Greenslade's credit that he ignored his obese proprietor's advice.

## US NEWS

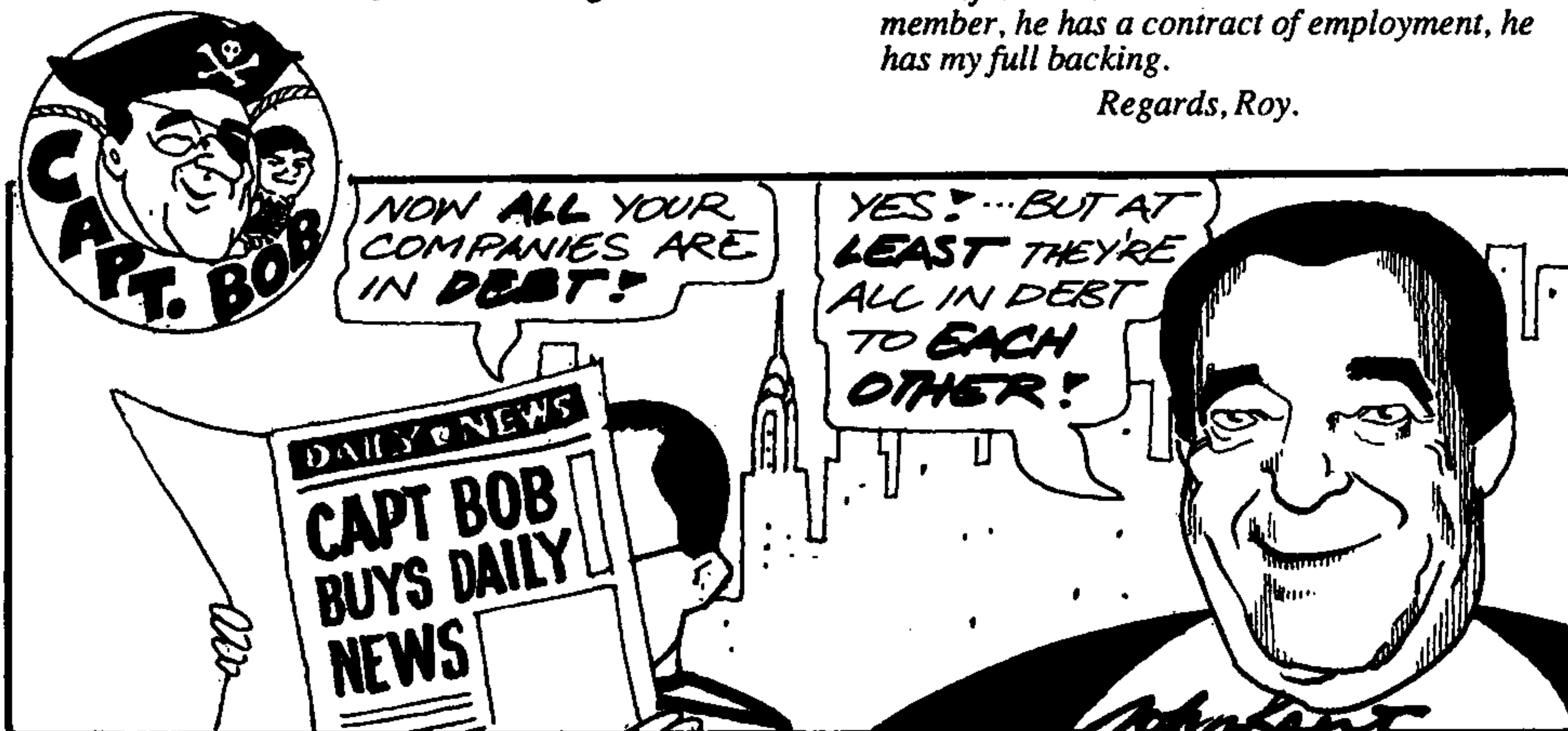
**CONSPIRACY** theorists who believe the United States' war effort in the Gulf was conceived somewhat in advance of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait won a surprising boost recently from George Schultz, the former US secretary of state.

Like many in Reagan's cabinet, Schultz came from big business — in his case the boardroom of Bechtel, the giant oil and construction company — and he went back there as soon as his duties at the State Department were over.

One of Mr Schultz's first interventions with his company colleagues was to dissuade them from setting up a petrochemical complex in Iraq. At a meeting in April 1990 (four months before the invasion of Kuwait), he told the board that there was going to be a war in Iraq and that any complex there would be under threat.

"I really hit it hard," he said later, "and I said something is going to go wrong in Iraq and blow up." (*Financial Times*, 21 Feb.)

The Bechtel board respects the advice of top politicians. That's why it supplies so many. The complex was abandoned.





**AFTER** their coup in the Budget, Littlewoods and the other public-spirited pools promoters who call their front organisation the "Football Trust" must be more than ready to show their gratitude to the trust's PR firm, Westminster Communications Group.

Headed by Kinnock adviser Richard Faulkner and directed by Tory MPs Keith Speed and arch-Thatcherite Sir Marcus Fox, WCG has headed off the terrible threat of national lottery, which really would have hit the pool promoters' well-lined pockets.

Once again a lottery has been averted by a nicely-timed offer which will cost the football pool promoters nothing. They have offered to set up a new "foundation for sport and the arts" with an annual budget of £60 million. £40 million of this will be "collected" from pools punters out of their weekly stakes, and £20 million will come from the Government in the form of a 2½% cut in the pool betting duty.

For engineering this amazing deal, WCG can expect its modest annual fee of £250,000 to be at least doubled. As for Faulkner, who has made several attempts to become an MP, he seems to have found a happy role for himself in taking ministers to football matches. Several members of the cabinet are football enthusiasts. They include Norman Lamont and the chief secretary to the Treasury, David Mellor.

**SHED** A tear for CCN Marketing, the Nottingham-based firm which performs market research and computer analysis tasks for the Conservative Party.

CCN is mailing one million households a month in a desperate effort to raise funds for Conservative Central Office, which is running at a substantial deficit. No wonder CCN is eager to help the Tories find the extra money — the company itself is owed £50,000 by the cash-starved party organisation.

Central Office is more than three months late in paying its bill, a situation that would drive many creditors to sue for settlement. Ironically, CCN's main business is as a credit checking bureau.

**ADMAN** John Horner is furious at the way in which he has been "gazzundered" by barrister Andrew Sutcliffe, Conservative parliamentary candidate for Middlesbrough.

Sutcliffe agreed to buy Horner's house in Ledbury Road, Notting Hill, for £500,000. He then persuaded Horner to accept £10,000 less. A week later, when they were ready to exchange contracts, Sutcliffe insisted that Horner lop a further £5,000 from the purchase price.

Horner reluctantly agreed and has since written to the Conservative Party chairman, the constituency association committee in Middlesbrough and to the Bar Council to protest at Sutcliffe's ungentlemanly conduct.

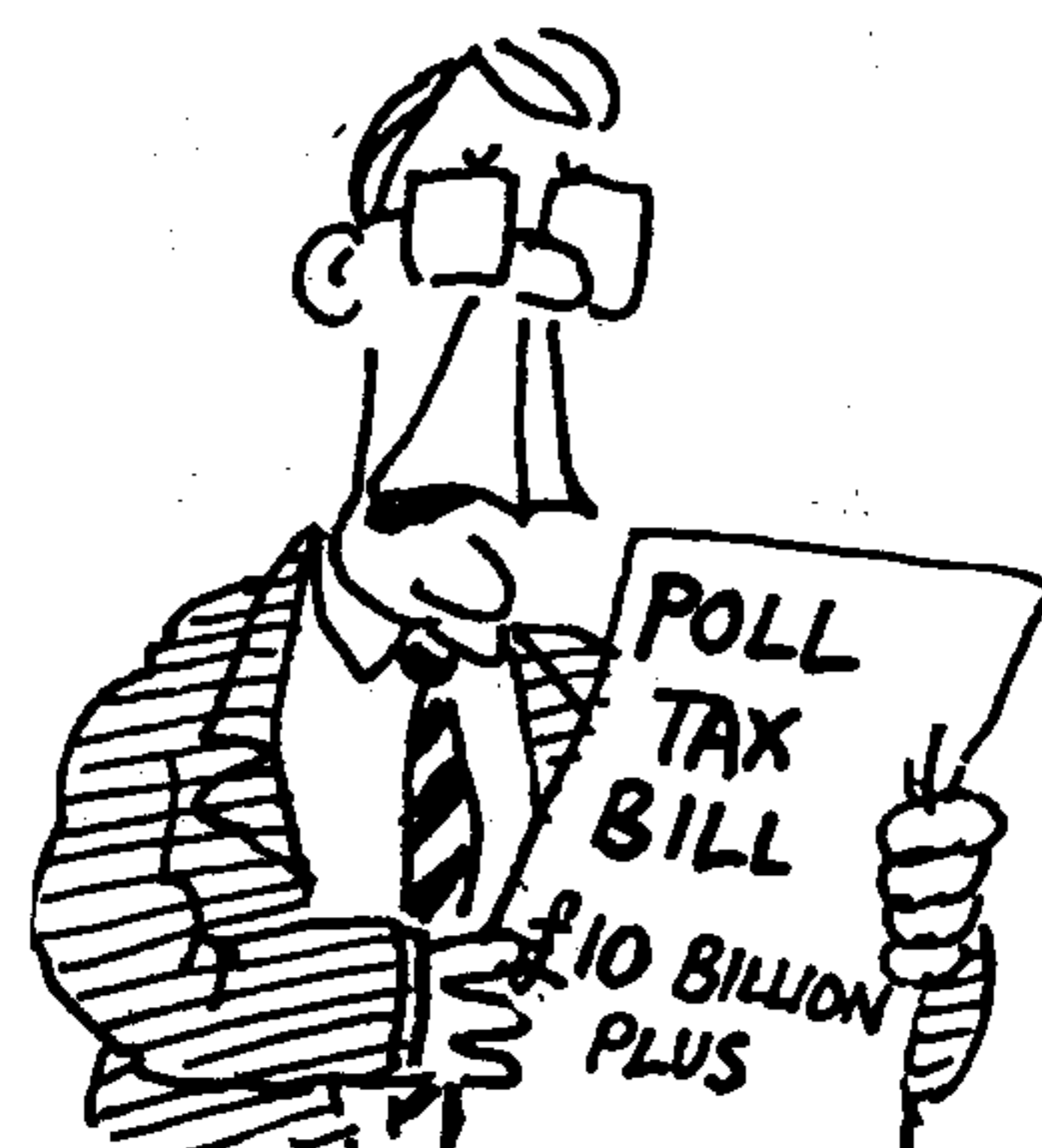
**JOHN BIFFEN**, former Conservative cabinet minister, is so busy at Westminster where he sits as MP for North Shropshire that he has failed to notice an eyesore in his constituency.

In August 1989 developers were working on a site in the old conservation area of Newport when the entire front of the building collapsed into the street. The resulting heap has since caused havoc to traffic flow in the town, while no one has been prepared to do anything about the building.

Biffen was recently approached by local Tories to sign a petition urging the local council to act. But the MP confessed that he had known nothing about the problem until then. Constituents, who liken the scene to a bomb site, are amazed it has taken their MP 20 months to notice what has happened. They might refer him to the newsletter sent out by Tories in the Newport branch. It is called *In Touch*.



"We wanted to stop local government wasting money..."



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**DURING** last week's statement and questions about the poll tax, one notable absentee was Scottish Nationalist MP for Angus East, Andrew "Drochel" Welsh.

Welsh's stance over the poll tax has never been anything other than ambiguous: while advocating non-payment to ordinary voters, he refused to be drawn on whether he would pay the tax himself.

Now Welsh is at the centre of a storm over a potential breach of parliamentary privilege. For it seems that he has been using House of Commons notepaper and reply-paid envelopes to solicit SNP political support in his constituency — something that is strictly against the rules for MPs.

Bill Walker, the Tory MP for North Tayside, has tabled an early-day motion objecting to Welsh's behaviour and the Sergeant-at-Arms and Speaker's office have begun to investigate. Welsh has meanwhile gone to earth in his constituency where he is defending a 1,700 majority.

**THE RELEASE** of the Birmingham Six has no doubt caused some embarrassment to Graham Lord, literary editor of the *Sunday Express*, who in July 1986 wrote a scathing review of a book about their case, *Error of Judgement*, by then Labour candidate Chris Mullin.

"Anthony Wedgwood Benn's Loony-Left assistant Chris Mullin tomorrow publishes a book that could put him in prison," began Lord's review. "It should certainly cost him the safe Labour seat in Parliament that he expects to win at the next election. For Mr Mullin, prospective Labour MP for Sunderland South, is either a liar or a hypocrite who is prepared to obstruct the course of justice."

Lord's review argued that because Mullin refused to name the five IRA men he claimed were the real Birmingham bombers, the book deserved to be given little credence.

Chris Mullin went on to become Labour MP for Sunderland South and it was later revealed that Special Branch had been aware of the five men Mullin refused to name in honour of a pledge given in order to secure interviews with them in the first place.

'Backbiter'

## O.B.N.

It is good to know that the British stiff upper lip survives in the 1990s.

I am thinking of John Major's remark as mortar bombs rained on Downing Street and the windows of the cabinet room blew in.

He said simply to ministers: "I think we had better start again somewhere else." A remark worthy of a Churchill or a Thatcher.

Enfield Independent

## The Commons Touch



By MICHAEL PORTILLO  
MP for Enfield/Southgate

From Miss Hilary Muggeridge

Sir, You report that Mrs Thatcher is likely to receive £27,000 per speaking engagement on the international lecture circuit. We in the UK ought to be grateful that we have had the privilege of hearing her address the nation for the past 11 years, absolutely free of charge.

We didn't realise how lucky we were.

Letter to The Times

Major's style is the style of the moment. He is liked and appreciated wherever he goes and he has grown in stature so much during the gulf crisis.

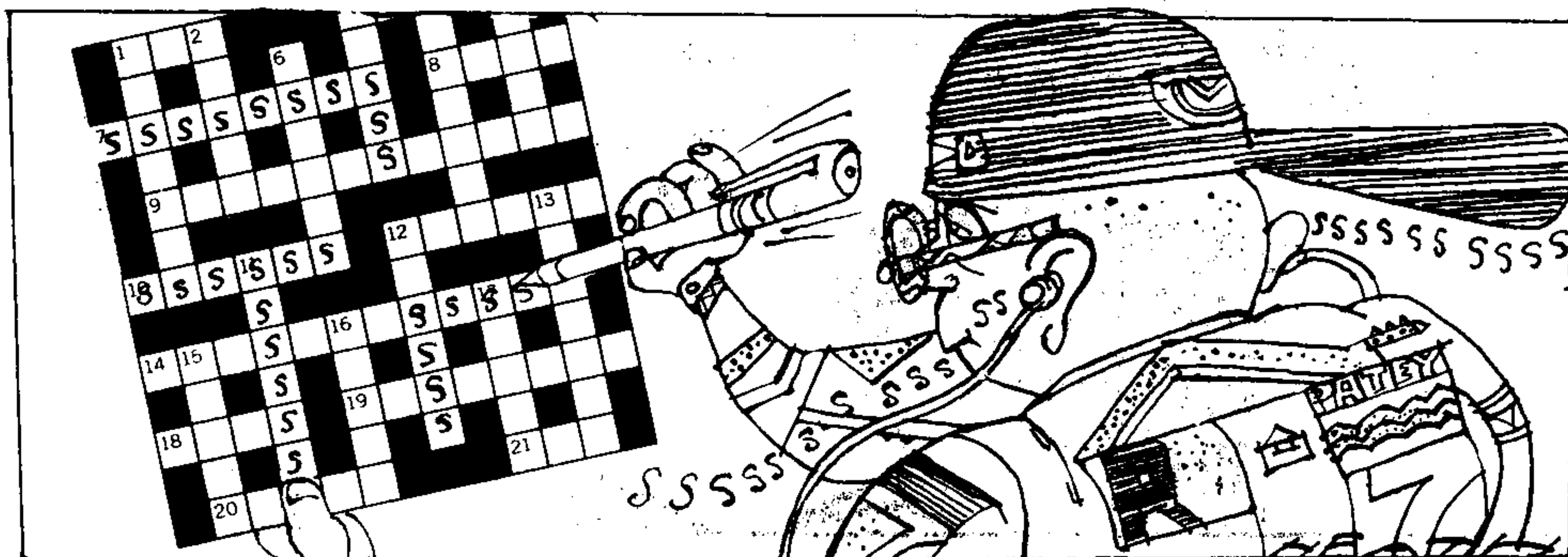
KENNETH BAKER (formerly  
Tory Party chairman under Mrs  
Thatcher)  
Times

Submitted by N.C.I. de Spon, Anon, Richard & Sally Madge.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

## NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH





**T**O THE Grosvenor House on Monday evening for a shimmering literary booze-fest hosted by London's leading man of letters, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill (*Do you mean "French" letters?* Ed.)

Billed as "The *Sunday Times* Literary Banquet", Dame Iris Murdoch was there, as were dozens of lesser *literati* from John Mortimer to Ruth Rendell. But sadly these eminences held no magic for Brillo Pad, who had eyes only for an eminent female novelist who had jetted in from the US.

Indeed, so excited was he by her visit that he sent a message to her publishers, Random Century, a couple of weeks before the big night. This author (he said) is magnificent. I yearn to meet her. At the banquet itself I shan't have a chance to talk to her. Could you arrange a cocktail party beforehand at which she and I can get acquainted?

Random Century, naturally enough, was only too happy to oblige an important *Sunday* newspaper editor. And so it was that Andrew enjoyed a "happy hour" before dinner with the author who, in his view, embodies the high literary standards of the *Sunset Times*: Ms Joan Collins.

● *EERIE tidings reach me from the freemasons' lodges of the Midlands where the apron-dancers have been greatly surprised by the release of the Birmingham Six.*

*It is of course a great shame that their local newspapers did not inform them of the truth about the men during their long campaign for justice. Now is their chance to redress the balance — and to silence critics who point to the fact that various senior journalists, editors, executives and owners of the local press all share the same trouser-rolling habits as members of the now disgraced local constabulary.*

**I AM AMUSED** to learn that the main article in the next issue of *Auberon Waugh's Literary Review* will be a gushing appreciation of the recent autobiography of statuesque sex-change artiste Caroline Cossey, aka "Tula".

I trust Bron will find space to declare one small interest: the book was ghost-written by Ms Lucy Maycock, assistant editor of... *Literary Review*.

**W**ORDS fail me as the double-dealing gutter press continues to harass our esteemed royal family — in particular the Princess Royal's former mount, Captain Mark Phillips.

The onslaught that started in the *Sunday Times* during the Golf — er, Gulf — conflict, when Prince Andrew (RN) flew the flag from the sunny Spanish links, was made worse by the *Daily Express's* clapped out harpie Jean Rook who followed up with a treasonable "Fergie is a fat rich cow" tirade in her column.

Thank God her editor, a staunch monarchist, saw sense and spiked her republican rantings, replacing them in the second edition with a trenchant piece on double glazing.

Then of course her boss was plain old Nick Lloyd, aka Mr Eve Pollard. But just a week later — hey presto! — he was Sir Nick Lloyd. And what a dramatic turnaround this elevation has brought on.

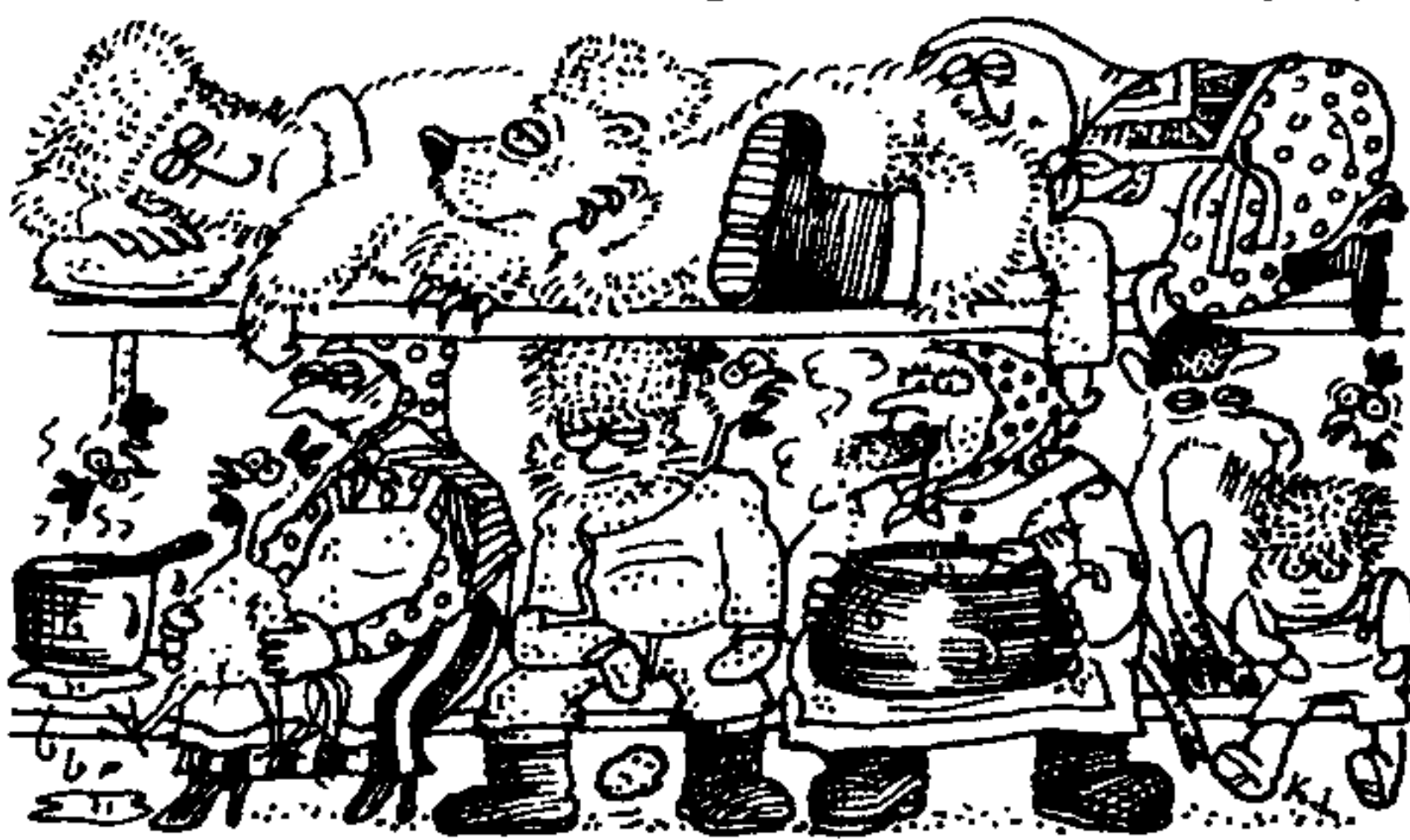
Today it is Sir Eve's rag that is so cheekily "protecting" Heather Tonkin, the woman who claims to have had a foal fathered by Foggy. The newspaper's harassment of Captain Phillips is of course in sharp contrast to the loyal "protection" it offered Fergie only weeks ago. This change of heart by Sir Nick is hard to explain and must be part of the mystique of being a humble newspaper editor recently knighted by royalty...

## Pseud's Corner

Floating Bubble's latest project is a new version of the classic dark tragedy of King Lear.

In a controversial move of casting a woman in the central role, and using only three men playing all other parts around her, Floating Bubble looks at sexuality in the Nineties in a style of physical theatre more at home with Moliere than Shakespeare... Floating Bubble Theatre is striving for equal opportunities.

Floating Bubble Theatre Company



*I really want to learn Russian well so I can sit on Russian railway trains, overnight, with my bunkmates, and hear about their mothers and their fathers and their grandfathers and all that stuff. Russian railway carriages are a great literary institution."*

MICHAEL IGNATIEFF  
Guardian

And his respiratory crisis, for me at least, was deeply moving and nostalgic. I had not seen a respiratory crisis for 20 years, not since the stormiest days, the tribulations, of 1969. I was delighted to see one once again — I thought "You dear old thing"; it was like seeing an old and missed friend.

DR OLIVER SACKS  
Independent on Sunday

Montepulciano d'Abruzzo, Santangelo 1988, Majestic Wine Warehouses, £2.99.

Raspberry colour, with a nose of tarry heather. Rustic, very Italian. Drink with roast wolf — failing that, stews and daubes.

SERENA SUTCLIFFE  
The Times

To get the most out of your bonbon, follow the technique *de dégustation*. First, hold the chocolate in your mouth and let it melt a little while you relish the fragrance and flavor. Next, chew it five to ten times, breaking plain chocolate into tiny pieces in order to increase surface contact (if it's a chocolate cream, chew three to five times in order to mix the center with the envelope). Then, let it melt slowly and, using your tongue, gently rub the pabulum against the palate before swallowing. Finally, consider the lingering flavor.

Chocolate experts aver that if you follow this technique, you'll not only increase your enjoyment, you'll also avoid over-eating.

Free Voice (Paris)

At 22, [John] Cusack developed what he calls the Sammy Davis Jr Theory of Life, a unique philosophy that has stuck with him. He drove from Chicago to Las Vegas once to see Sammy. And after the show it struck him: Sammy has a comic eye and a tragic eye. And John decided that each eye of every person expresses a side to their personality and that the one you look at first defines you as a person. This is a crowning philosophical achievement for one so young.

CAMERON CROWE  
Sky Magazine

CONTRIBUTORS: Brenda Gibbins, Steve Peck, Chris Miller, Mrs Guy Greenhous, Astrid Spink, Fiona M. Johnson & Alison Jones.

£10 paid for entries

● **LIKE HIS** gracious wife Eve, Sir Nick is rightly proud of his new title. It took him many years of exhausting arslighan to La Thatch to earn it, so the least people can do is take the trouble to address him correctly.

This lesson was swiftly learned by the authorities at Highbury football ground last Wednesday evening. At half-time in the match between Arsenal and Nottingham Forest, an urgent message flashed on to the computerised scoreboard: "Nick Lloyd: please go to main entrance."

Ten minutes later, after play had resumed, there was still no sign of the distinguished royal-watcher. The message flashed on to the screen again, but with one amendment: he was now "Sir Nicholas Lloyd". As Betty Kenward would say, these little touches are so important.

**PRISON** visiting in the United States, I pop in to see Panama's General Manuel Noriega and am surprised to learn that Old Pineapple Face has become a born-again Christian.

This is as a result of frequent visits to his cell by a pair of bible-thumping Baptist evangelists from the deep south. Although there is much joy in Heaven at one sinner repented, I remind the authorities that the US constitution forbids cruel and unusual punishments — and that the Geneva conventions outlaw torture and brainwashing.

### Cossack Update

**S**EVERAL Fleet Street hacks received a peculiar press release last Friday from Brigadier Anthony Cowgill, leader of the self-styled "commission of inquiry" into the affair of the red-bearded Cossacks.

He wanted the world to know that his "claim for libel against the *Sunday Times* arising out of an article by Robert Harris on the Report *The Repatriations From Austria in 1945* by Brigadier Cowgill, Lord Brimelow and Christopher Booker has been settled". The *Sunday Times* had paid his costs and made a donation to the Army Benevolent Fund. (The brigadier also took the opportunity to boast that last year he had donated a £300 fee from the BBC to the same charity.)

In the column which so infuriated Cowgill, published on 21 October 1990, Harris had argued that the Cossack report was a whitewash. He also suggested that the campaign by Cowgill and Co to defend the reputations of Harold Macmillan and Lord Aldington was an old pals' act on behalf of the Establishment.

Surely the *Sunday Times* could have mounted a defence of fair comment against Cowgill's legal threats? One hack, puzzled by the paper's capitulation, rang Robert Harris last Friday after reading the press release. The conversation went as follows:

**Hack:** "I see Brigadier Cowgill's libel suit against you has been settled."

**Harris (mystified):** "What libel suit?"

The *Sunday Times*, it turned out, hadn't bothered to inform its columnist that he was being sued. Nor had it sought his opinion on whether his article could be justified.

In fact, the behaviour of Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill, who likes to claim that he is robustly "anti-establishment", has been less than robust throughout the affair. After receiving Cowgill's complaint about the Harris article last year, he hurriedly commissioned another "review" of the Cossack report, by Professor Norman Stone, which appeared in the *News Review* section on 30 December 1990.

Stone was lavish in his praise for Cowgill, Brimelow and Booker: "They have undertaken a formidably difficult task and have produced a reconstruction of very high quality. They deserve public gratitude." The *Sunset Times* thereby unwittingly proved the point about the old pals' act: Prof Norman Stone is a friend of Christopher Booker's and is married to his ex-wife.

## Pip Pip!

# NOOKS and CORNERS

**T**HE MOST Reverend Thomas Winning, Archbishop of Glasgow, has a most tender conscience over such issues as the Gulf War. But when it comes to considering the feelings of ordinary members of his flock and deferring to the views of a wider community, let alone such trivial matters as obeying the law of the land, this great Roman Catholic prelate has a rather thicker skin.

On St Patrick's Day, the 600-strong congregation of St Benedict's, Drumchapel, turned up to mass to find their church being demolished. Over a single weekend, what the Thirties Society had described as "a building of great originality, drama and beauty, and among the finest modern churches in Britain... an imaginative, experimental, modern design of European stature" and which had only been completed in 1970, had been reduced to a pile of rubble.

Why? The roof was leaking. Obviously it is much more practical to demolish a building rather than repair it. Never mind that the congregation no longer has a roof over its head; it cuts down on heating bills — and if they really need a building in which to worship, local people will be happy with the church hall, or a shed, or a hut. They will do as they are told: who needs beauty, after all? It costs money. And it was, of course, mere coincidence that St Benedict's had been recommended as a Grade A listed building by both Historic Buildings and Monuments for Scotland and Glasgow District Council and that the Secretary of State for Scotland was going to endorse that listing immediately after that same weekend.

The Roman Catholic authorities should, as it happens, have notified the district council of their intention to demolish seven days before the bulldozers were sent in without warning, rather than the day after the wicked deed was done, but that, of course, was a mere oversight by spiritually minded



men who have more elevated things on their minds.

Elderly readers may possibly detect an uncanny similarity here to the case of the Firestone Factory in west London which was demolished by Trafalgar House over a bank holiday weekend in the summer of 1980, immediately before the 1930s art deco building was to be listed by the Department of the Environment (*Eyes passim*). And, more recently, Croydon B power station was bulldozed by the Carroll Group while the 1950s brick building was being considered for listing (*Eye* 759). Of course, one expects such cynical pre-emptive strikes from the likes

of Sir Nigel Brookes — but by the Archbishop of Glasgow? Surely we ought to expect rather higher standards of behaviour from the Roman Catholic Church.

The Archbishop's "spokesman", Mr Noel Barry, justified the action by stating that, "the primary responsibility of the Archdiocese of Glasgow is to the parishioners of St Benedict's... The needs of the people have priority over the upkeep of the building." Well, yes; but wouldn't it have been considerate to have consulted those parishioners before destroying their church? Drumchapel is, frankly, a dump, and about the only building to give any sort of

presence and interest to a much deprived outer working class suburb of Glasgow was St Benedict's. Now the parishioners are even more deprived — visually and spiritually, as well as materially.

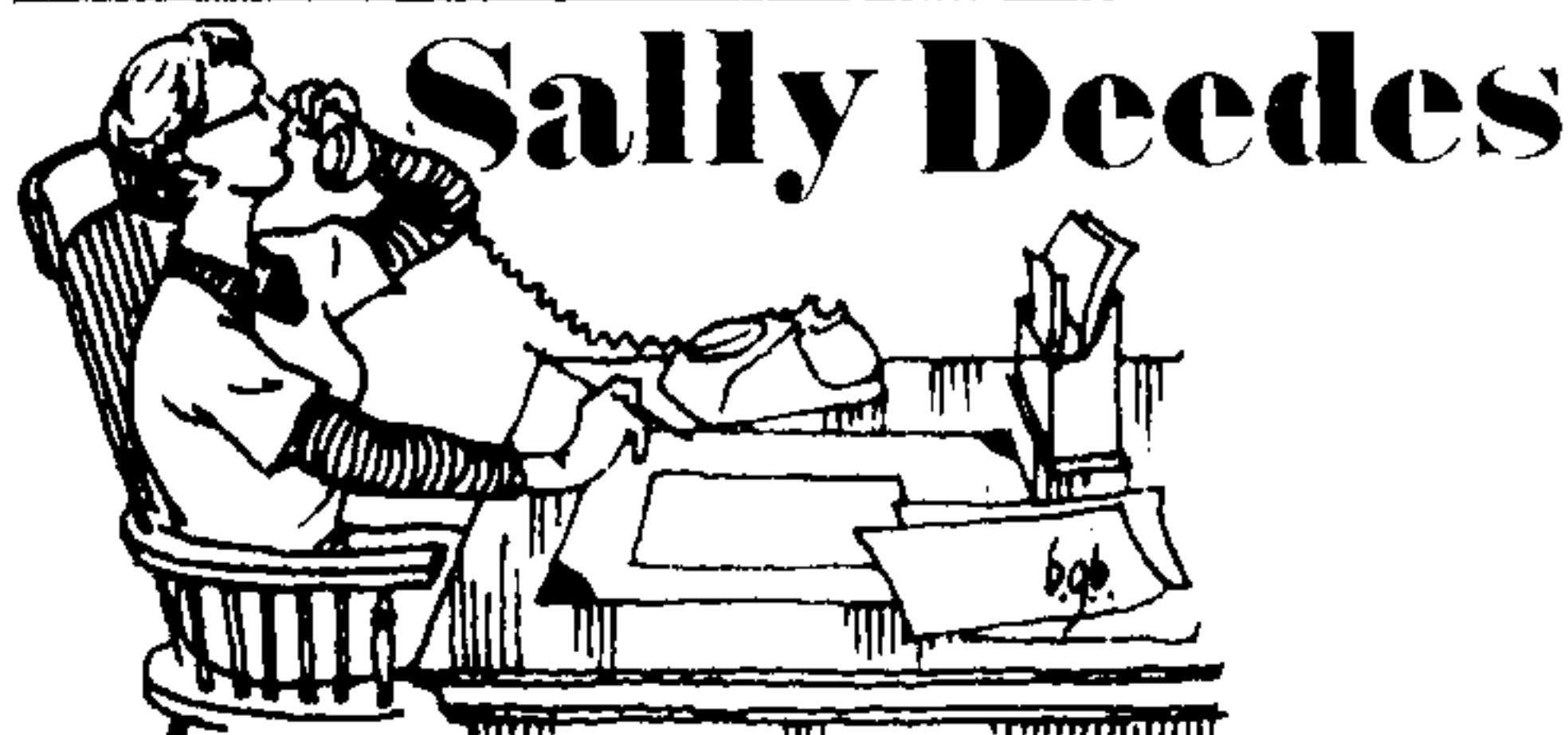
Indeed, Glasgow itself is diminished by this ruthless vandalism. Designed by the celebrated local firm of Gillespie, Kidd & Coia in 1964, St Benedict's, with its spectacular sweeping roof on laminated timber trusses, was one of the best modern buildings in Scotland.

Admittedly, that may not be saying much when you consider the terrible things done to Glasgow in recent years and the abysmal quality of such things as the new Concert Hall (winner of the 1990 Casson Medal and the work of a knighted Englishman), but its quality was confirmed by its imminent top-grade listed status. Inside, St Benedict's was a building of beauty and drama, which worked well as a church. Yes, the roof leaked and buckets were needed on a wet Sunday morning, but leaks can be repaired. The Archdiocese claimed that this would have cost £1 million — a preposterous figure not supported by any reputable consultant.

So, farewell then, St Benedict's — but there are a few questions left to be answered. One is how one arm of Glasgow District Council could be seeking to preserve the building while another could issue a demolition warrant (whose conditions were flouted). More important, however, is to find out how the archdiocese learned that the secretary of state was about to put his signature to a document which would have stopped it mutilating a great modern masterpiece.

In the bad old days, of course, the city was said to be run by the "Murphias": an unholy alliance between the local Labour party and Roman Catholic voters. But now that the bright, new, clean and cheerful Glasgow has been European City of Culture, such corruption is a thing of the past. Isn't it?

*'Piloti'*



**Sally Deedes**  
**G**EOGE KENYON died when he was dragged through a shredding machine at the Lancashire plastics factory where he worked.

The machine's safety guard, designed to prevent such tragedies, had been deliberately removed (which in itself required the complete rewiring of the machine) in order to increase production.

The accident happened at David Holt Plastics, a small but very successful factory at Padiham, an area of high unemployment. The company had two directors: David Holt, a former professional footballer turned businessman, who was managing director and major shareholder; and his brother Norman, a director in name but who held no shares and worked shop floor shifts with the other employees.

In court in November 1989, both brothers pleaded guilty to the seven charges of contravening the health and safety act and neglect of safety precautions. At the start of the case it was pointed out that: "Norman Holt, whilst aware and party to the operating of the machine, was subsidiary to David... David Holt must have known what was taking place since he was concerned with production targets."

Yet when both brothers were charged with

manslaughter it was Norman Holt who took the rap, "being on the shop floor at the material time". Norman pleaded guilty to the charge while David's plea of not guilty was accepted by the prosecution.

The judge, Mr Justice Otten, seemed somewhat mystified by this plea and its acceptance. But it was not for him to query the judgement of the Crown, he said, in not proceeding against David Holt. Nevertheless he would welcome an explanation as to why it had not done so. The reason given was that there was some reluctance among witnesses to say anything detrimental against David. "It is only the lack of evidence forthcoming," was the response; yet a number of witnesses were in court and were willing to give evidence. They were never called.

In Norman Holt's defence it was said that he was overcome with guilt and grief (he had grown up with and was a friend of George Kenyon). "But the fact that he stands convicted alone on the first count of this indictment is a most distressing blow to him."

Until the week before the case, counsel continued, both brothers had shared the same solicitor. His brother told him to trust their mutual solicitor and not to go elsewhere as the company was paying the costs. Allegedly his solicitor frequently ignored what he (Norman) said if it implicated David. He was even told: "It's like an old Al Capone movie. You take the dive and you will be looked after."

However, with the support of his girlfriend and parents he took separate representation, knowing that "the manner in which he conducted his defence would almost certainly terminate his employment".

Summing up, Mr Justice Otten said Mr Kenyon's death was the worst case of irresponsibility by employers to their employees that he had come across in 30 years. "The death of George Kenyon was a

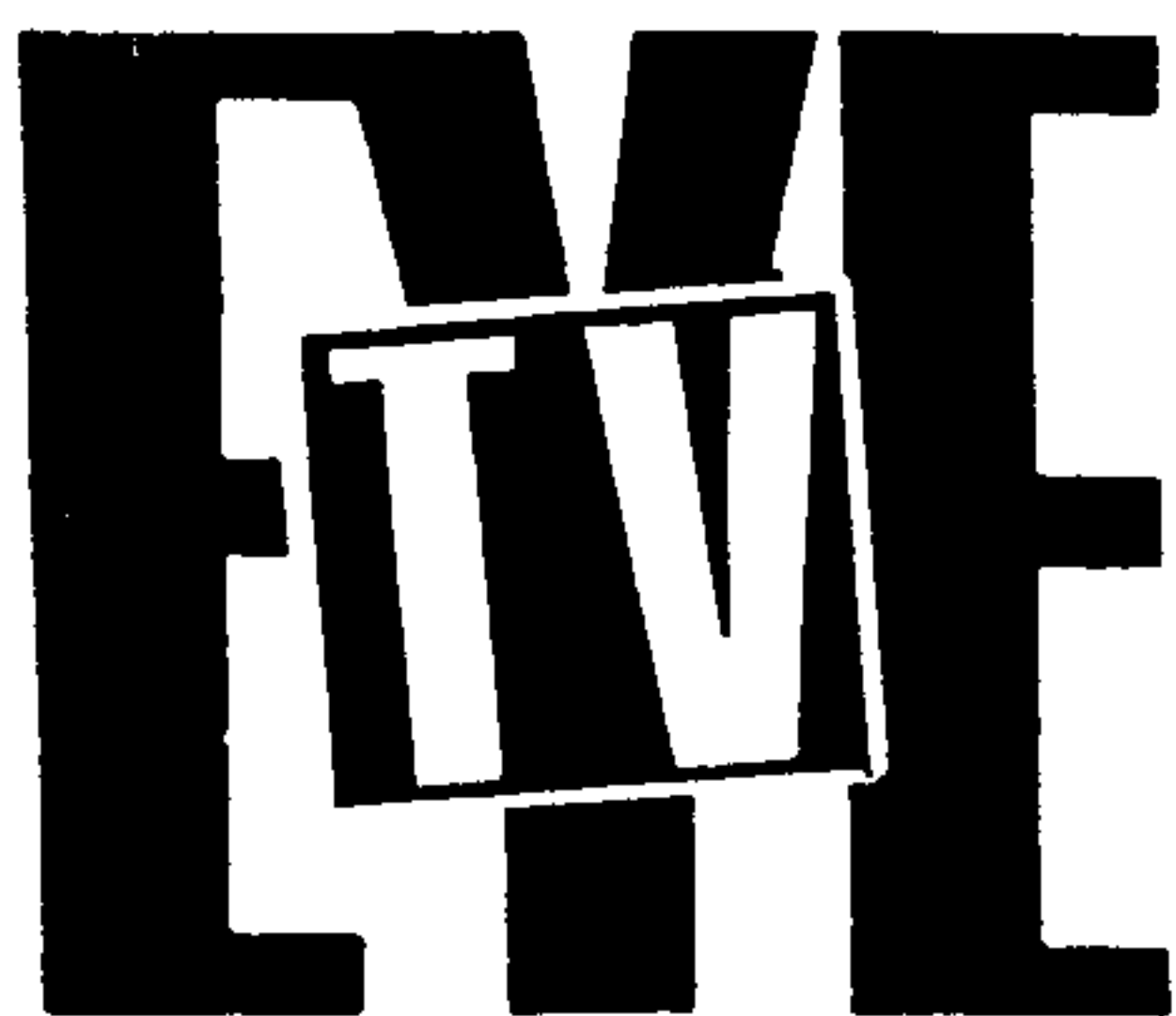
horrible and unnecessary waste of life," he said. "The reason was the criminal irresponsibility of his employers."

In sentencing Norman Holt, he took into account his courage in pleading guilty and his sentence of 12 months suspended for two years would have been greater, he said, had he been satisfied that Norman Holt bore the full responsibility. "He was," said the judge, "being used". Norman was fined £5,000, David £15,000 and in all the company was fined £46,000, plus £10,000 costs. After the case the "Justice for George" campaign tried to bring about a retrial.

Steve Rabson, health and safety officer of the General Workers Union, told me that around 500 people die in industrial accidents each year, yet only 24 or so cases ever go to court. He said there are no where near enough health and safety inspectors in the United Kingdom; indeed there are so few, in fact, that if they were to inspect each factory it would only be once every 11 years. Inspectors cannot make impromptu visits and always arrive at a reasonable hour — the factories knowing when they are coming. "They see their function as that of adviser, rather than of a prosecutor," he added.

Last October Peter Pike, Labour MP for Burnley and a member of the GWU, asked the Lord Chancellor's office and the Government about the case, the decision of the Crown Prosecution Service not to charge David Holt fully and the wider issue of such cases. The answers, he said, were "something of a stone walling; this is not a closed case. The union is still reviewing it for any possible loopholes. In my view the role of CPS is highly questionable. I have great doubts about the line they chose to pursue."

Norman Holt, meanwhile, has left the employ of his brother.



### The British Academy Awards (BBC1)

**F**OR YEARS the catchphrase of the British Academy Awards, the television industry's annual backslapper, was "Unfortunately Woody Allen/Martin Scorsese [insert name of large American star] can't be with us tonight..." The presenter of the award would then leave the stage dumbly clutching the statuette he or she was supposed to be handing over.

This was because what was essentially a television ceremony had concentrated increasingly on cinema. This decision was not the result of artistic humility, homage to a senior medium, but rather a practical decision aimed at keeping the awards' dinner as a live three-hour peak-time television show. Charged by the more practical programmers with the fact that no one wanted to watch fat middle-aged television producers buttoning their middle jacket button (why did they always do that?) on the way to the stage, the organisers said: "But these are big movie awards too. You're giving viewers a chance to see Jack Nicholson/Meryl Streep [insert name of large American star]..." Soon, the trick was rumbled. The shortlisted legends never actually travelled to London.

This year, fearful lest The International Situation prevented even minor Americans from braving the trip to the Grosvenor House, the BBC (the company's alternative presentation of the event) decided to co-host the awards from London, New York and Los Angeles. A BAFTA might not be an Oscar, but a relatively stellar collection could be

persuaded to drive up from Malibu for the ceremony. Billy Connolly, an honorary American because of his appearance in a mediocre US sitcom, compered the LA leg in a minor hurricane beside a pool.

Connolly at least had the sense to send up the genre: "With me are my dear, dear friends, some of whom I've known for as long as 20 minutes." This routine was rendered even more amusing by the uncertainty of the American guests in the presence of something as discourteous as satire. Also moderately amusing was the surreal presence of Martin Scorsese, standing by a pool in Florida and occasionally being given by unseen hands yet another award for *Goodfellas*.

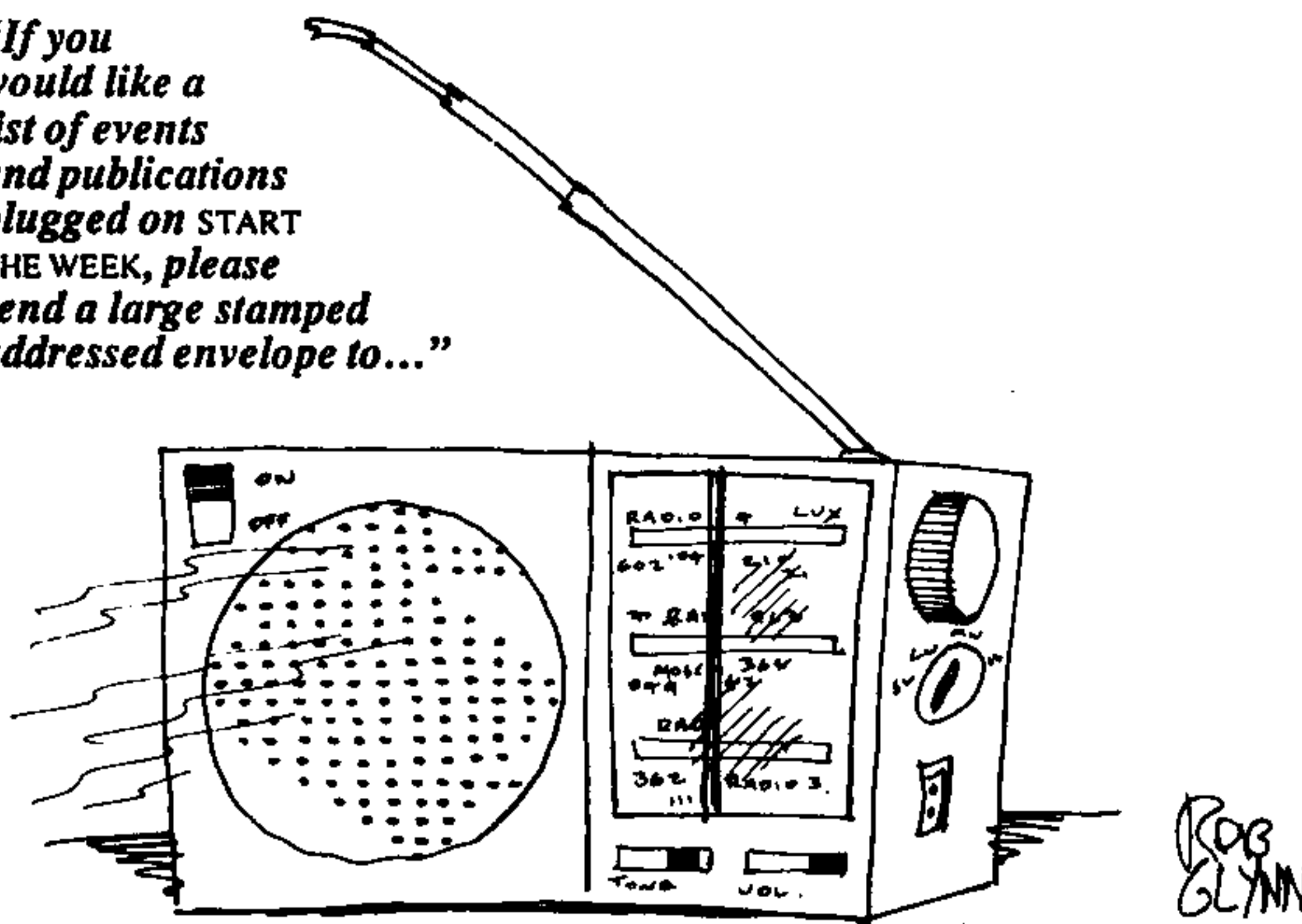
Unfortunately the London end of operations was the usual incompetent yawn. Little was expected from host Noel Edmonds' gag writer, but a joke about the playwriting ability of Ernie Wise during an introduction to Writers Award presenter Tom Stoppard revealed that the gags were ancient as well as failed. And no

described as "girls".

The evening's main excitement attended the award to John Pilger of the Richard Nixon Memorial Prize (only joking, John, it was actually named after that pro-establishment voice, Richard Dimbleby). David Dimbleby had fulminated in the papers about the prize going to a journalist of the anguish and safari shirt kind. Pilger hailed the decision as a tribute to oppositional journalism but the award bears closer examination.

You don't have to work for *The Daily Telegraph* to worry about Pilger's most recent documentaries on Cambodia: the United Nations refugee committee, not necessarily a tool of American foreign policy, has severely questioned the reliability of the documentaries. And can Pilger's spasmodic contributions to television really be thought superior to the work of the shortlisted John Cole, *hondootedly* one of the most original and authoritative television reporters of the last two decades? There must be more than a sus-

"If you would like a list of events and publications plugged on START THE WEEK, please send a large stamped addressed envelope to..."



one had predicted a simultaneous failure by the researchers.

Introduced as coming hot from his success in BBC's *Die Kinder*, prize presenter Denis Lawson muttered: "I wasn't actually in *Die Kinder*, but never mind..." Bill Paterson, doling out another trophy, was announced as the star of Channel 4's *Shrinks* but refrained from telling Edmonds it was a Thames show. John Humphreys, the anonymous voice in the commentary box, had the facts but not the tact. The proudly feminist trio behind *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit* were patronisingly

picion that the BAFTA council chose to send a signal of many of its members' distaste for the Gulf War by honouring the leader of the opposition to the conflict.

An evening of tedium and tendentiousness was suitably completed by the traditional presentation of the prestigious OTWSA (Old Trout Who's Still Alive) award to the actress Deborah Kerr who expressed her surprise in a prepared speech. Even Edmonds couldn't find a joke old enough for her.

'Square Eyes'



## MEDIA NEWS

**C**HANNEL 4's *Hard News* returns on 14 April, minus most of the hacks who worked on the previous series.

As the replacements have been announced in recent weeks — Stephen Phelps succeeding Paul Woolwich as editor; David Jessel donning Ray Snoddy's old raincoat — one question has continued to puzzle the remaining staff: what has become of the show's hugely popular hackette Michal Levin, aka "Immensely Well-Loved Ivy"?

The question now seems to have been answered by Phelps's decision to hire Sarah Spiller (ex-*Newsnight*) as the show's "on-screen reporter". Since this has hitherto been Levin's job, we can only lament the appalling possibility that the black-haired Popular One will not be returning for the next series. Alackaday.

Meanwhile the appointment of Jessel and Spiller has not gone down well with John Sweeney, the foghorn-voiced *Observer* hack. He was under the impression that the job of presenter/reporter had been all but promised to him by Bernard Clark, the mustachioed old hippy whose company runs *Hard News*.

**T**HREE OF the most impenetrable mysteries at Channel 4 concern Channel X's appalling "mould-breaking" chat show, *Tonight With Jonathan Ross*.

Firstly, if it were intended to destroy *Wogan*, it has proved about as effective as a pea-shooter against a Scud missile. It employs five producers, who have about the same number of ideas between them, and their collective skills have brought the programme to its knees. Audience figures have plummeted to below 700,000, which might just be acceptable for a mid-afternoon Polish cartoon but hardly stands up to *Wogan*'s eight million.

For agents and artist management, "doing Ross" is not worth the effort. Viewed in PR terms it is just one rung higher than local radio. Consequently, the show's guest list is increasingly shored up with thinly disguised promotional slots for other Channel 4 (or, in the case of Vic Reeves' recent appearance, other Channel X) programmes.

Secondly, when the series was commissioned Katy Lander (a Channel X boss) persuaded C4's light entertainment department to give it an unprecedented budget of £4 million. Neither she nor her boyfriend, Mike Bollard (former head of C4's light entertainment department and now series editor) can explain why they have been so fortunate.

But the greatest mystery of all is why, although other C4 editors are screaming for the series to be axed, chief executioner Michael Grade stays his hand. Perhaps his current paramour Patti Marr (a director of the show) can explain...



I-SKY / BSB



Front page, The Times

CONTRIBUTOR: A. Mills.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

### Apology

IN OUR issue of 20 July 1990 we referred to Broadcast Marketing Services, which carries on the business of selling air-time to advertisers for independent radio stations, and to its chairman, Mr Terry Smith, who is also managing director of Liverpool's Radio City.

Our story suggested that BMS had taken a stake in Sunset, a radio station, not for any valid commercial reason but to give vent to a supposed personal rivalry between Mr Smith and Owen Oyston of Piccadilly Radio. It also suggested that BMS had held back on selling Sunset's air-time in order to win Piccadilly's account.

We now accept that our story was wrong. We are assured, and accept, that BMS has never taken any stake in Sunset, let alone to satisfy personal animosity (of which there is none) between Mr Smith and Mr Oyston, and that BMS has never held back on selling Sunset's air-time. We therefore withdraw these allegations unreservedly and express our sincere apologies to BMS and Mr Smith for the embarrassment which our story has caused them.

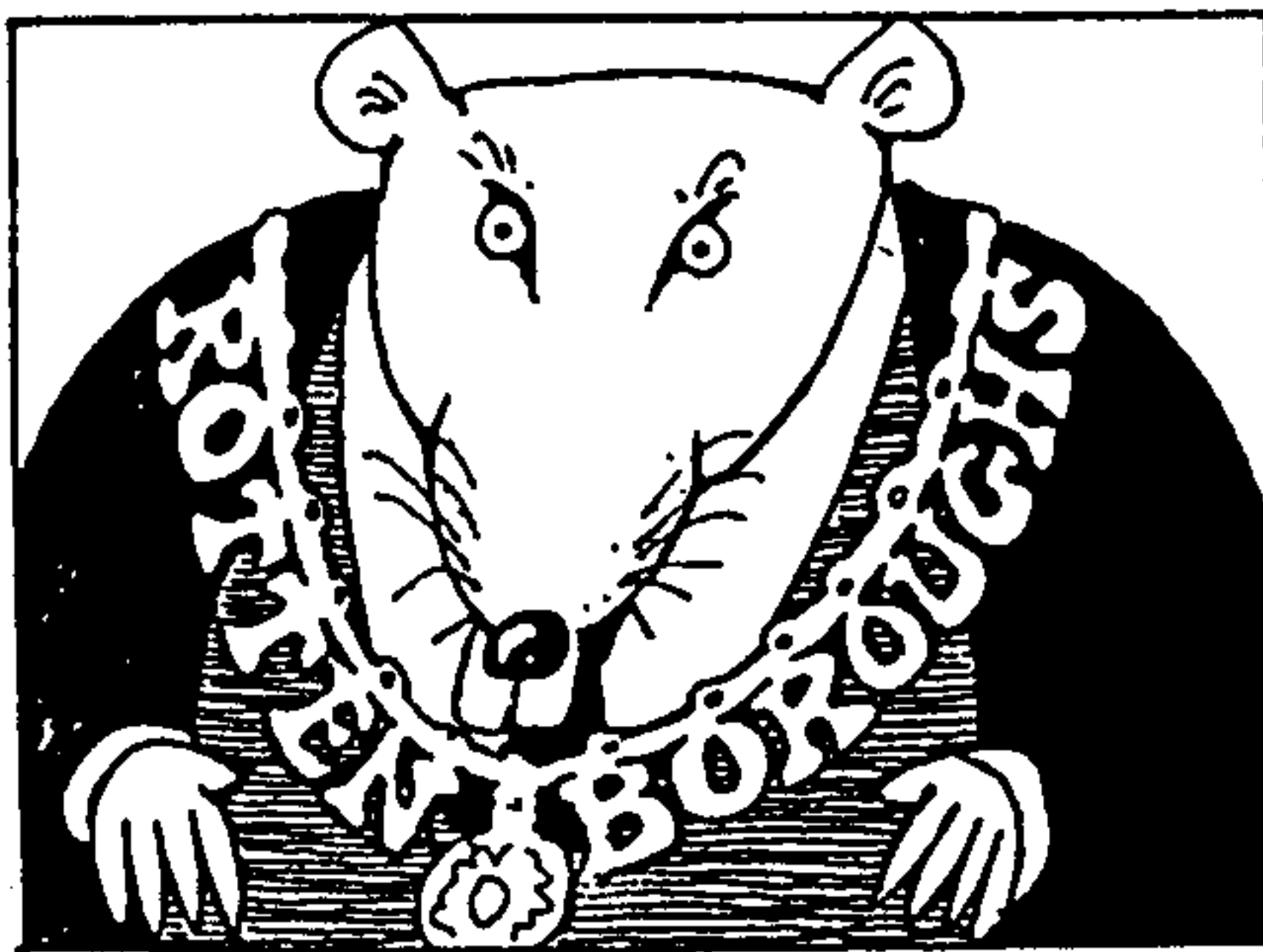
## HUNT NEWS

**THERE WERE** appalling scenes of violence at a meet of the Hursley-Hambledon Hunt on 16 March.

Jason Fazackerley, a 27-year-old saboteur who is the Green Party's parliamentary candidate in Portsmouth North, was allegedly surrounded by six terriermen and repeatedly kicked until his head was a bloodied.

This is a typical pattern: sporting riders rarely assault saboteurs except by riding at them or lashing them with their crops. Instead they leave it to the more rough-trade terriermen to deal out the blows. A 20-year-old Southampton University student, Mark Ripley, was allegedly hit round the head with a spade and then beaten while lying unconscious on the ground. Another saboteur, 21-year-old Rebecca Price, was driving a van that contained several of her fellow saboteurs when it was surrounded by a seething mob of hunt supporters. She was allegedly hit on the head with a brick.

All three saboteurs needed stitches for head wounds and are considering legal action against both the hunt and the police. The only arrests made by the police were those of four saboteurs on lesser charges (i.e. threatening behaviour). The joint master of the hunt, Michael Pakenham, blamed the violence on a troublemaking element among the saboteurs.



## BIRMINGHAM

**BIRMINGHAM'S** lord mayor-elect, the connoisseur of plastic toilets, Bill Turner, has an ever murkier past than expected.

Readers will recall Turner is already under investigation for using council contractors to install a new lavatory in his private home, free of charge. That inquiry will still be under way when he carries out his first official duty of note — meeting Brenda when Her Maj opens the £160 million International Convention Centre in June.

Now, though, details of shady dealing in the obscure but lucrative world of the city's architectural ironmongery firms are also emerging.

Turner was censured by the district auditor two years ago after he wrote privately to Labour colleagues asking them to award a contract to IGB Architectural Ironmongery — despite a lower bid from rival firm Ray Branch & Co. Turner forgot to tell his comrades that he had been sacked by Ray Branch for passing confidential pricing information to IGB — or that IGB had then employed him.

The comrades, used to his tricks and knowing he could land them in trouble with the law, ignored his advice and split the contracts for door-handles, locks and the like, between the two companies according to the lowest tendered prices. All this was known to the auditors when they published their 1989 report. What they did not know was that the tender bids they saw had been submitted twice.

The first time Turner, using his position as a councillor and chair of technical services, opened the bids, memorised the figures and passed them to IGB. Then, on the pretext of demanding corrections to trivial errors, and despite officers' advice, he ordered the whole contract to go back out to tender.

Ray Branch's second bid came back unchanged. IGB's, however, quoted lower prices in several vital areas — undercutting Ray Branch. The result was to cut Ray Branch & Co's share from about £250,000 of the contracts to £150,000. It was Turner's subsequent attempt to have even this remaining portion handed to IGB that was investigated by the auditor.

The sorry saga has been raised again with the auditor, leaving Turner — the city's respected emissary to the world — awaiting the outcome of two embarrassing investigations.

**TWO LEGAL** actions finally threaten to blow the lid off the city's appalling children's homes.

Birmingham's social services department is about to be sued by a furious mother whose 13-year-old daughter was allowed to have sex with seven different men in as many months in the bedroom of the children's home where she should have been under lock and key.

The home was Highgate Close, now closed for "redcoration" — a famous departmental euphemism for dealing with a home where staff can no longer handle matters. Staff who searched the girl's room at the insistence of her mother were horrified to find a drawer full of condoms and, on another occasion, a considerable amount of cannabis.

The girl was regularly supplied with cannabis by her boyfriend, a drugs dealer who was allowed into the home by staff. On one occasion she had to be rushed to hospital after overdosing on a mixture of drugs, including LSD.

On the same theme, a trial later this month of the city's top rent boy pimps has already caused at least one extra vacancy in the social services department. A senior officer in a city centre youth protection team has quit in mysterious circumstances linked to the case.

## EAST STAFFORDSHIRE

**LONG-AWAITED** public embarrassment is in store for East Staff's Tory councillor Eri Thornewill, former Tory leader of planning-mad East Staffordshire district council, after he failed to declare an interest in a planning application.

The much-maligned Thornewill has been carpeted by the ombudsman for "reprehensible action" and "bullying" council officials over an application submitted by his long-standing property developer pal, Cliff Dunn.

When Thornewill found out that council officers wanted to reject Dunn's bid to build a block of flats in a private garden, he stormed into a meeting with officers and "persuaded" them into changing their decision and support Dunn's bid. Naturally councillors saw Thornewill's point of view and overturned officers' recommendations.

Unfortunately the owner of the land adjoining the garden earmarked for Dunn Towers, a Mrs Kath Atkinson, failed to appreciate the council leader's bravura macho display. She lobbied the local government watchdog, who has now found the council guilty of maladministration and pointed out that Thornewill should have declared his friendship with the developer when supporting Dunn's application.

The ombudsman's findings come as no surprise to close observers of the East Midlands outpost, long the scene of a series of bizarre and expensive land transactions mainly concerning a prison near Uttoxeter (see *Eyes passim*). However, this time he has also ordered East Staffs to make a public apology to Mrs Atkinson and pay her £500 compensation for "distress suffered". Remarkably, the normally redoubtable Thornewill has relented and told reporters: "I made a mistake". Dunn has suffered a similar bout of humility and changed his application to a bungalow.

## WESTMINSTER

**WESTMINSTER** City Council's Tory group is busy tearing itself apart following the departure of Shirley Porter, aka Lady Tesco.

At the leadership elections a fortnight ago, David Weeks — who was Porter's deputy for eight years — just scraped in as leader by 10 votes against a right-winger who only joined the council last May. An even worse fate befell Weeks's running mate, Marie-Louise Rossi, daughter of Hornsey MP Sir Hugh Rossi. This leading luminary in the Bow Group was trounced by Porter's blue-eyed boy Simon Milton, and hell hath had no fury like her ever since. At the post-election drinks party she loudly harangued councillors whom she claimed had betrayed her by breaking their promises to vote for her.

"The trouble with Marie-Louise," one colleague explained, "is that she's so bossy and awful that people just said yes to humour her and make her go away. She's been bustling about as if she owned the place ever since Porter announced she was stepping down."

Rossi's humiliation — she only got 12 votes out of 45 — was a slap in the face for Weeks, who had backed the Hornsey harpie. Doubts also hang over the future of Alex Segal, Rossi's lacklustre campaign manager who was promised the chairmanship of the planning committee if he delivered victory to the Weeks ticket. Westminster-watchers are already taking bets on how long it will be before Weeks himself is overthrown.



## DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'



**P**RINCE CHARLES may see organic farming as the answer to a yeoman's prayer, but his message has little hope of getting through to the byre and steading. The agricultural press is now so deeply in hock to the multi-million pound pesticide industry that its pages look increasingly like those of a chemical manual.

The freesheet *Farming News* — rehabilitated after its rash attack on the insecticide Temik — carries a thinly-veiled apology for industrial agriculture called *Farming Facts*. The sponsor? Agrochemical giant Hoechst.

Not to be outdone, arch-rival *Farmers Weekly*, known affectionately as the "Yellow Peril", has followed with its own propaganda sheet for the pesticide industry, imaginatively titled *Food For Thought*. This time the paymaster is the mighty ICI Agrochemicals. Much of the publication is given over to claims that pesticide residues in food don't do you any harm, and in any case there are a lot worse things in nature.

Editors peddling the fiction of

putting readers first may care to ponder just how much of a service they do to farming by jumping into bed with powerful chemical companies. Ironically it was ICI's own fertiliser division that did much to establish the "chemical culture" during the 70s and 80s.

Through demos, conferences and clever PR work it led farmers up the path of high-nitrogen production. Now that the policy has resulted in financial and ecological disaster, it can't get its money out fast enough. And taxpayers are left to clear up the mess.

*WITH ITS familiar cry of "More subsidies, boyo" echoing round the valleys, the Farmers' Union of Wales (FUW) has unselfishly turned its attention to the disturbing matter of subversion in schools.*

*It appears that pinko vegetarians are telling impressionable young schoolchildren what actually happens on farms. They've even had the nerve to peddle sensational literature about hens kept in cages and pigs trapped in metal crates.*

*Naturally the boyos are very*

*concerned and want the education authorities to nip this sinister development in the bud. If not, they fear, we'll have these subversive veggies frightening the kids with outrageous stories about fluffy lambs getting their throats cut and being chopped up for meat.*

*Meanwhile the FUW is demanding a special agency to promote good, wholesome Welsh beef. That's the kind of information the kids need: not lefty indoctrination.*

EXTRAORDINARY manoeuvres by the Milk Monopoly Board have left the industry wondering whether Thames Ditton might have been struck by a mass outbreak of mad cow disease.

Following broad hints from the cabinet's one remaining Thatcherite that their price-rigging activities would not be tolerated much longer, the Milk Mafia announced proposals for turning themselves into "a voluntary co-operative" subject, at last, to fair competition.

"A major step forward," declares chairman Bob Steven; "the right decision," echoes the Yellow Peril, "even if it is a year late." Meanwhile board member Bryan Carr is busy telling farming hacks that he and his colleagues have unanimously decided to change precisely nothing. The infamous Milk Marketing Scheme will continue.

It seems that if the MMB has decided anything, it must be that confusion is the best policy. After all, once they stop muddying the waters farmers might discover — along with everyone else — that they don't need the Thames Ditton empire either.

## SPART SPECTACULAR!



Gerry and the Peacemakers

**COLONEL** Gadafy's favourite actress Vanessa Redgrave has hired the Royal Albert Hall (cost of deposit: £6,000) for an international cultural extravaganza on Sunday 26 April.

It stars Vanessa herself, Sinead O'Connor, Willie Nelson "and two ballet dancers" and there is also a performer billed merely as "Christopher" — possibly Vanessa's pal Christopher "Superman" Reeve. The average ticket price is £17.50 and, bizarrely, the evening has been given the snappy title "Jerusalem for Reconciliation".

Does Vanessa know something not vouchsafed to other Middle East experts? With Jerusalem echoing to the sounds of gunshots and funerals, "reconciliation" seems about as likely as the chances of Redgrave's "Marxist Party" filling the Albert Hall for a knees-up.

Although all for a bit of culture, and loath to disappoint the determined Vanessa (who says she'll sell her house if need be to pay for the venture), Palestinians whom she has approached for backing are, to say the least, bemused. "What reconciliation is she talking about?" asked one PLO man "Between who and whom?"

Redgrave may have borrowed the idea from Yehudi Menuhin, whose idealistic call for "Jewish-Arab reconciliation" she has praised. But the great violinist never made a fool of himself dancing with a Kalashnikov rifle, as Redgrave did in her film *The Palestinian*. Besides, until recently the Redgrave faction in Equity campaigned year in, year out for a complete cultural boycott of Israel. Hardly promising for a peace concert, let alone "reconciliation".

However, for those who have followed Redgrave's zany political odyssey closely, it does begin to make sense. First there was that trip to Moscow with her ex-Trotskyist guru Gerry Healy, the famous sex maniac who was a belated convert to Gorbachev's *perestroika*. Then, last year, Redgrave sponsored the appearance in London of a state-backed Soviet Jewish theatre troupe. Now she is trying to overcome hostility in the United States so she can revive her career there: last month she bought a huge advert in the *New York Times* desperately claiming that her position on the Gulf War had been misrepresented and she didn't really support the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait.

Thus, the "reconciliation" which Vanessa is seeking may, in fact, be between Moscow and Hollywood — and herself. Hiring the Albert hall may be an expensive way to announce her conversion; but the late comrade Gerry, as an indefatigable plotter and raving megalomaniac, would surely have approved.

## Sporting Life

**T**HE 1991 National Hunt Festival was Lord Vestey's first as chairman of the Cheltenham Steeplechase Company. It drew a memorably toadying performance from Spam, who oiled around all week by the Queen Mother's side looking even smarmier than usual.

The hand of Vestey could be seen in some of the new costumes of catering staff. Those of them unlucky enough to have to spend three days in the hot dog and hamburger vans were dressed up in nice little Dewhurst Master Butcher white coats and white pork-pie hats. Those even more benighted souls condemned to man Letheby and Christopher's Kerstin bar wore baggy emerald-green tracksuits and green and white baseball caps. These might have looked all right at Belmont Park. Just. But at Prestbury Park they made the hapless wearers look like serious contenders for the Racecourse Dickhead of the Year award.

Admittedly they had serious competition from lords Vestey and Hartington, whose Bertie Woosterish check tweed suits with pronounced turn-ups seemed designed to confirm the parliamentary home affairs select committee's worst suspicions that the overlords of British racing are nothing but a bunch of stereotyped upper-class buffoons.

Another Vestey innovation has been a crackdown, policed by Cheltenham's spiffingly smooth-shaven racecourse manager, Edward Gillespie, on the number of hacks allowed into the paddock and unsaddling enclosure. This swingeing clearout was not without its victims — the most tragic being none other than the illustrious Dempster, who was told he would not be allowed into the Cheltenham press box, presumably because the pint-sized Gillespie secretly suspected him of being another furtive tout hoping to update his telephone tipping service.

'Major Bonkers'

HUSBAND





## In the courts

**ONE** OF the more disturbing letters received by Lord Chancellor Mackay after the Birmingham Six case came from a house in the Pyrenees. The occupier (and author) was Manus Nunan, a former recorder of the British high court.

Nunan's letter was short and to the point. He said he wanted his case fully investigated: not because he wanted to be a recorder again (which he didn't), but because he wanted his name cleared as those of the Birmingham Six had been. The letter sent a shiver down several spines in the Lord Chancellor's Department, where the story of Manus Nunan still serves as a model as to how to put into practice the doctrine of the independence of the judiciary.

After a lifetime in the service of the British empire Nunan, who was born in Ireland and maintained his Irish passport, joined the British judiciary and, in the early 1980s, became a recorder in Liverpool. His record was outstanding. Not a single case he presided over was overturned or even criticised on appeal. Very few recorders could make the same boast.

Mild-mannered, fair and firm (he is a scholar of Irish literature), Nunan was highly regarded by solicitors, barristers and colleagues. His progress was noticed by the Lord Chancellor's Department. His first three years as recorder ended in the autumn of 1984. Nunan was summoned for interview at the department where he was being interviewed, he was told, to see if he was a suitable candidate to be a judge. He was congratulated on his performance in court and at the interview was told to apply in the normal way for his next three year stint as recorder and advised that he would be hearing very soon whether or not he was to be promoted to judge. Everything about the visit and interview suggested to him that there would be no problem about the promotion.

He went back to Liverpool. A few days later, in October 1984, the Brighton hotel where the prime minister and most of her cabinet were staying was bombed by the IRA. Manus Nunan waited in vain for his routine assurance that he would continue as a recorder. After some time he got a letter from the Lord Chancellor with the astonishing news that he would *not* be approved as a recorder for a further three years. His career on the bench, in other words, was over.

Nunan worked night and day to try to find out why this extraordinary decision had been taken. He consulted all his colleagues. No one could think of any reason. The senior barrister in the north-west, a judge called Pat Russell, assured him that there had been no complaints from that quarter.

Nunan tried to find an example of a single other case where a recorder had been refused his second term of office where there had been no criminal offence committed, no evidence of drunkenness or other bad behaviour, or even the slightest complaint from any of the courts. He could find none. Indeed, the Lord Chancellor's Department's "loyalty" to people it promotes as recorders is legendary. Judges and recorders are not sacked or their terms "discontinued" except in cases of the most extravagant misdemeanours.

After months of badgering, and an article or two in the *Guardian*, Nunan managed to extract from the department a grudging, unsubstantiated allegation that there had been "complaints from the Bar". He went back to Pat Russell, who prevaricated. But Russell could not provide a single instance where any complaint had been made, let alone justified.

Nunan is quite certain that he was "discontinued" as a recorder in a fit of anti-Irish hysteria after the Brighton bombing. He feels that the law decided it was "inappropriate" that any member of the judiciary should have a passport from a country which bred the Brighton bombers. In a long campaign since, he has never found any cause to counter his suspicions. He has watched the "progress" of the judiciary in famous Irish cases such as that of the Guildford Four and the Birmingham Six with mounting contempt. The sudden solidarity of the Lord Chancellor with the Lord Chief Justice Lord Lane over the unprecedented demand that he should be sacked because of his lamentable 1988 judgement in the Birmingham case, the support for Lane by his most trusted colleague Lord Justice Pat Russell and in the media by no less a person than Lord Hailsham, have persuaded Manus Nunan that he should return to the fray.

While Hailsham, Russell and Co are banging on about the sacred independence of judges, it will be most uncomfortable for them to be reminded that, in one case at least, a man's job as a recorder appears to have been prejudiced by the accident of his birth.

Scargill, who says the NUM has repaid all its debts to brother unions, had forgotten the £446,967.90 still owed to the T&G. Todd's odds of getting it back are regarded as similar to those of Hartlepool United's chances of winning the FA Cup against Arsenal. But they would be even less if Todd had agreed that his union had handed the money over to the NUM while it was in sequestration because, in law, the union would never be able to claim it back.

The *Eye* has no doubt that Scargill and Heathfield are pulling out all the stops to ensure that Todd can retire happily next year with his union's books clear of bad debts.

Others out of pocket include the poverty-stricken Coal Employees' Union of the Soviet Union whose miners, when working, are even worse off than Scargill's miners when they are striking. The hapless Russians, whose £1,000,000-plus worth of donations meant for the NUM's starving miners were diverted by Scargill to his French pal Alain Simon's Warsaw-based Miners' Trade Union International (later to become the IMO) are now grovelling for their money back.

They have written three times to Simon, secretary-general of the IMO, but have received no reply. Scargill and Simon, meanwhile, have been on an IMO-funded jolly to Peking, presumably inviting the Chinese miners to affiliate to the socialist IMO. Affiliation would, of course, involve the Chinese paying annual subscriptions to the Paris-based IMO, whose reports and accounts are never seen. One hopes the Chinese hosts showed Scargill and Simon around Tiananmen Square...



## Letters

### Canon balls

Sir,

*In his letter (Eye 762) taking Piloti to task for "slanted facts" over Christ Church Doncaster (Eye 761), the Bishop of Doncaster has shown himself to be misinformed on two counts.*

*He states that the diocese has attempted to gain planning permission for alternative use for Christ Church, but such permission has not so far been forthcoming.*

*In fact, no attempt has been made. As no planning application has been submitted, no permission is likely to be forthcoming.*

*He believes that Canon Gibbs did not build an extension to Cantley Church without planning permission.*

*In fact, by the time an application was submitted, in May 1989, the works were substantially completed and the extension had been roofed. Consent was granted in October 1989 with a condition that stone slates or other appropriate natural materials be used on the roof. An appeal against this condition was upheld in January 1991.*

*It was two years and two months after works commenced before they were properly authorised. There can be no excuse for inaccuracy on such definite information.*

*Yours faithfully,  
ARCHIE SINCLAIR,*

*Chairman, Doncaster Civic Trust.*

### For the Record

Sir,

*O'Booze's piece about the Daily Record, its editor and me (Eye 763) will provide a good example of sloppy and probably libellous journalism for my students.*

*Let me put things straight: I recently began a long-term study of the paper and have been given unprecedented access to editorial and other areas in order to collect data. I greatly appreciate the management's generosity, but that does not mean that I automatically become their lackey. The resulting book will be an objective, academic study of a commercially successful tabloid which plays a key role in Scottish popular culture.*

*Your informant clearly has it in for Endell Laird and the Record in palming off a piece of malicious gossip on you. The implication that I should want to do any such thing seems pretty self-defeating to me, which is why I have kept any gossip and rumour about the paper to myself. Mis-spelling my name is the least of my criticisms, but it's symptomatic of the accuracy of your piece as a whole.*

*Yours faithfully,  
PETER MEECH  
(Lecturer in Film and Media Studies),*

*University of Stirling, Scotland.*

### OBN

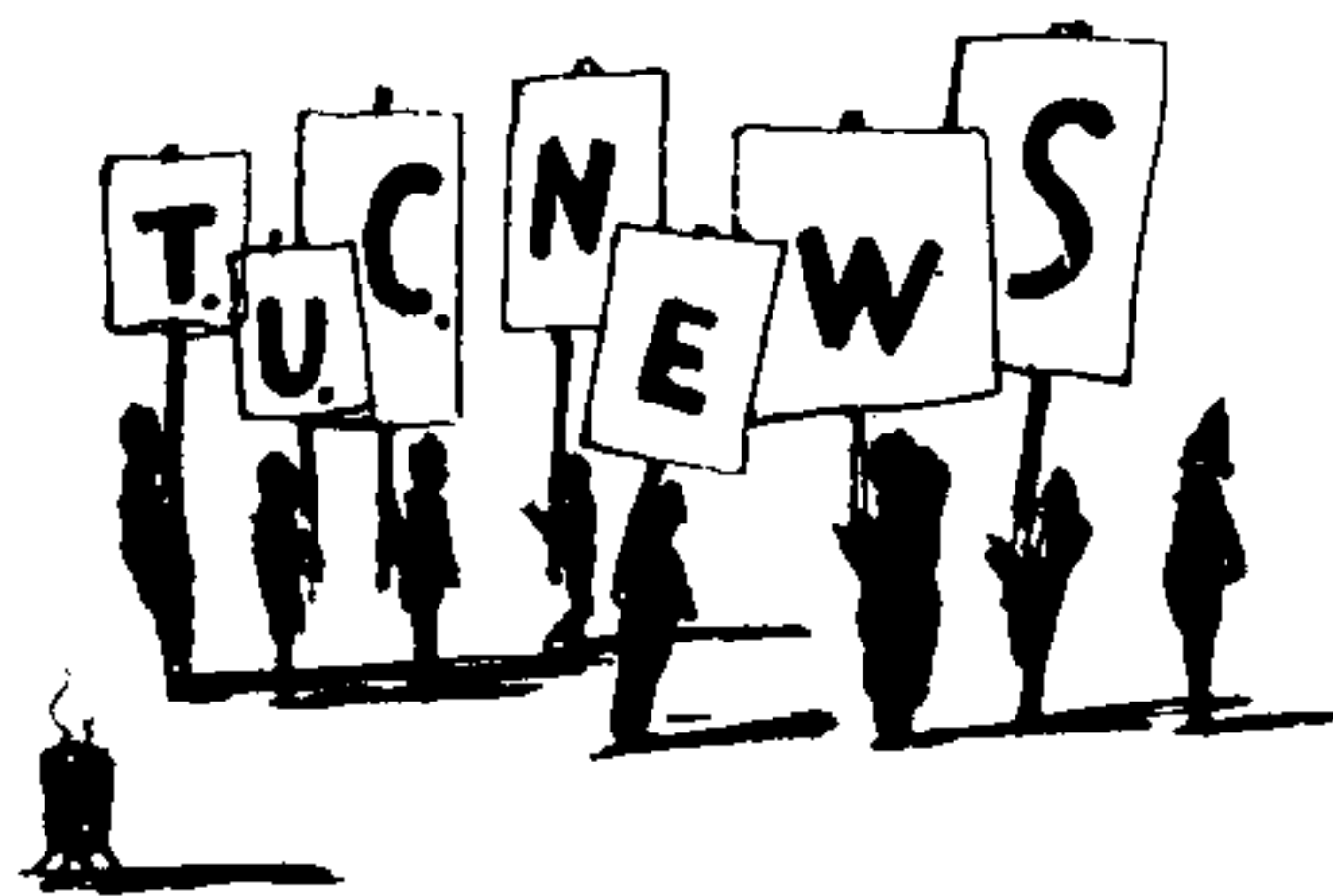
Sir,

*I am writing in blatantly sycophantic fashion — and I'm not ashamed of it — to say that "Ripping Yarns" is the most welcome piece of journalism this country has ever seen, despite only being the "re-telling" of a "mere" libel action. I am a trainee journalist and I shall re-read it every time I need to remind myself how it should be done — that is, if I don't pack the whole thing in and bugger off to some other country like I know I should. Anyway, I thought it was pukka, as did some of my friends who didn't buy a copy of their own. I ask you.*

*Yours sincerely,  
MATTHEW VALENCIA,*

*London N8.*

**NEXT ISSUE: MORE GERRY GABLE/SEARCHLIGHT LETTERS.**



**RON TODD**, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, had an interesting encounter at Transport House in London back in February with the world's most honest trade union leader.

Arthur Scargill, president of the National Union of Mineworkers and the International Miners' Organisation, and lawyers for both the NUM and the T&G, assembled to discuss a delicate matter: monies still owed to the hard-up T&G six years after the end of the disastrous coal strike masterminded by Scargill.

The T&G, facing an accumulated deficit over two years of £15 million, is keen to get back some of its cash. Fortunately Todd, a man unlikely to win the Brain of Britain context, did not make a chump of himself on this occasion. On legal advice he did not sign any papers relating to grants and loans generously handed over to Scargill during the 1984/85 strike.

## Con script

Sir,  
Gnome's pathetic attempt to mock the outstanding anti-war picture demonstrating the futility of it, and the insignificance of a soldier's life belittles your image. And the some of the letters to the Observer, confirms the militaristic nationalism of the English.

Your juvenile response reflects an immaturity that fails to distinguish between first class journalism and frivolity. An inept failure to recognise the wanton massacre of press-ganged conscripts of a third world power in retreat in their own country.

Alun Lewis and Sassoon, your lives and lines were wasted on the establishment 70-plus years ago, and also today.

I am the enemy you killed, my friend.

Yours faithfully,  
ADRIEN JONES,

Dyfed, Wales.

## Lookalike



Rumbold

Bottomley

Sir,  
I wonder if any of your readers have noticed, as I have, the striking similarity between the two Tory grandes dames, Angela Rumbold and Virginia Bottomley. Could they by any chance be related?

Yours,  
ENA B. MAXWELL,

Headington Hall, Oxford.

## Driven to despair

Sir,  
I was disappointed to read the article critical of the FTA in your March issue, accusing them of having special privileges with the DoT, when, during the recent snowy weather, the limits on drivers hours were revoked.

Just as the laws on drivers hours were made by people who have never driven a lorry or have any idea what the job is about, so the author of your article has doubtless never had the misfortune to spend the night in a lorry cab during sub-zero temperatures (as I have).

The average driver has probably been on the road for several days (if not weeks), so when there is a delay due to bad weather or traffic, it is pretty miserable when he is only a couple of hours from home, or a parking place where he knows he can meet other drivers, to spend yet another night in the cab, often in a layby with no facilities for eating or washing... That is if the driver is lucky enough to find somewhere to park at all because Little Chef and Happy Eater have bought up most of the old transport cafes and have an almost total monopoly on most non-motorway roads and generally exclude HGVs (a discriminating driver would probably give them a miss anyway).

Let's have more thoughtful articles and not just the critical ones to be controversial.

Yours faithfully,  
DAVID BOULDING  
(Ex-long distance lorry driver),

Tunbridge Wells.

## Stop gap

Sir,  
I find it difficult to believe that Gavyn Davies, chief UK economist for Goldman Sachs UK and columnist for the Sunday Telegraph, is as influential an adviser to leading Labour Party figures on economic matters as you suggest (Eye 762).

After all, just two years ago, in a Radio 4 Analysis programme — "Mind the Gap" — which concerned the UK's massive trade deficit and drew attention to the House of Lords select committee's earlier dire warnings regarding the weak international competitiveness of UK manufacturing industry, Gavyn Davies said:

"People who focus on the manufacturing sector are really living in the past... There's nothing magic about manufacturing but I think it's still an important, though declining, sector. The future probably lies, however, with services."

Such a person could hardly be a credible exponent of Labour's new industrial strategy, as presented in the document "Modern manufacturing strength: building a world class economy".

You must, therefore, surely be overestimating Mr Davies's influence.

Yours,  
JOHN WELLS,

University of Cambridge.

## Sushi?

Sir,  
Re: Letters, No 763

Mr Simon Prentis speaks of the culture of Japan as being "one of the world's major cultures" and on that presumes to hang his attack on "Piloti".

Just how many "major" cultures are there, and what are they?

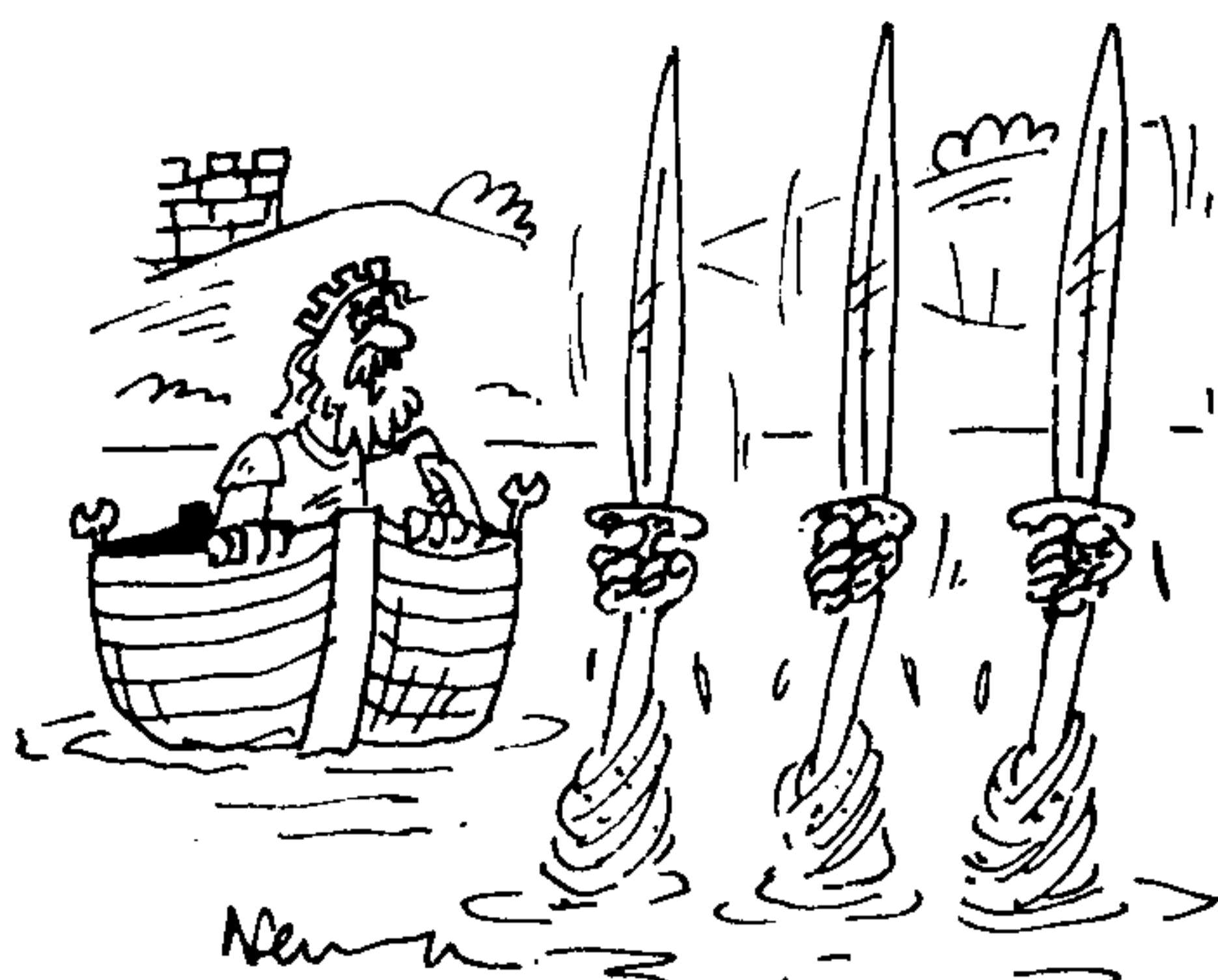
Japan has certainly developed on of the world's major economies (thanks entirely to the European — even Anglo-Saxon — ethics and compassion of the United States of America). But what is the evidence that the culture of Japan has any significance anywhere outside Japan?

What of Japan's own original culture has noticeably influenced any other?

For example, what aspects of original Japanese life, or customs, or practice, or discovery, or invention, or language are now (or have ever been) widely and spontaneously and happily imitated and absorbed into any other nation's ways or language?

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN R. GIBSON,

Northwood, Middlesex.



"Oh no! Synchronised Ladies of the Lake!"

## Synchronicity

Sir,  
I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between a current TV advertising campaign and this Newman cartoon (Eye 699). Does he by any chance drink Carling Black Label? I think we should be told.

Yours etc,  
RICHARD TRINDER,

London E18.

## Minor infringement

Sir,  
I enjoyed reading about our successful defence of MacDonald's injunction against BABIES! by Ros Asquith (Private Eye, 1 March). However, I should point out some factual errors: MacDonald published Ros's first book, BABY!, under their Optima imprint. Pandora published TODDLER! before we published BABIES! (And we will publish Ros's fourth book of Cartoons, GREEN!, in April.) By the time we published BABIES!, we had been bought by Rupert Murdoch's HarperCollins Publishers. Thus, your piece should have been entitled "TWO MEN AND A BABY: Maxwell and Murdoch go to court over a £3.99 feminist cartoon book about babies".

Yours,  
CANDIDA LACEY,

Senior Editor, Pandora.

## Defective

Sir,  
One man who certainly can issue writs against Chapman Pincher is Oleg Gordievski, the KGB defector.

In his latest work Pincher, furious at Gordievski proving conclusively that Hollis was not the Fifth Man, smears him as being still loyal to Moscow, an admirer of Gorbachev and about to re-defect. In fact, Gordievski only believes that Gorbachev was better than his predecessors, but still a Communist, is concerned about Gorby's switch to a more hardline policy, and realises that he can never see his wife and kids in Moscow again. Gorby, according to Gordievski, has intensified KGB spying activities, only this time it is industrial espionage which concerns them most.

The irony is that, supposing Oleg does issue writs, the patriotic Chapman Pincher will have to pray that Gordievski has his collar felt by the KGB and is spirited back to Moscow. Or, failing that, Oleg had better be prodded by a Bulgarian umbrella.

Gordievski has six years to see Sue, Grabbit and Runne...

Dos vedanya!  
T.B.L. CARTER,

Somerton, Somerset.

## Spoilsport

Sir,  
If Piloti feels like a trip to the old battlefield of Naseby where James Butler has his studio, he could see the extremely beautiful scale model of the proposed Unicorn Fountain for Parliament Square.

Rather than gushing in all directions, like Piloti, the spouts of water, as with Bellini's work, are subject enhancing and the Fountain Society are to be congratulated on commissioning such a work for a capital city that is sadly short of outstanding water sculpture.

Yours faithfully,  
PETER M. BROWN,

London W2.

## Fan mail

Sir,  
Oh dear. It would seem that the compiler of Pseuds Corner (Eye 762) has been out-pseuded. The contents of the extract from Bob Cope's article bear a remarkable resemblance to a book by William Kotzwinkle, of ET fame (sic) called "The Fan Man" — pub. 1974.

As Mr Cope's article was obviously tongue-in-cheek, it was rather pseudish of the Eye to reproduce it where it did — so I nominate the same extract, though this time from the Eye and not The Good Times, for the next Corner and claim my tenner.

Yours unpretentiously,  
STEVE HEIGHON,

Worcester.



## I-SPY

La Crosse, Wisconsin

Submitted by Bill Watkins. £10 paid for similar submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

## Ha ha

Sir,  
I hope Private Eye paid A.S. Byatt a contributor's fee for her send-up of Pseudish literary critics. Or didn't you realise you were reprinting a joke?

Yours sincerely,  
AMANDA CRAIG,

London NW5.

## Blind justice

Sir,  
It's a fair cop, guv. You got me bang to rights. But on a matter of fact, you are wrong. In keeping with the spirit of the times, the blinds are actually a tasteful shade of grey.  
Pay £600,000 to my solicitors, Messrs Todd, Maxwell and Golding, and you will hear no more. Gawd bless yer, Guv. You're a toff and no mistake.

RICHARD LITTLEJOHN,

The Sun.

## Brush with death

Sir,  
Your Hunt News column seems to be attracting a lot of hostile letters from people who support hunting and others who claim to be neutral. In Eye 763 there was a letter mentioning the recent death of a hunt saboteur in Cheshire. As I had met the late Mike Hill, who moved from Yeovil to Cheshire, I feel obliged to stick my oar in.

I come from a rural background and my 86-year-old grandmother used to open gates for the hunt when she was a servant. However, I found the number of people ganging up on the fox cowardly and sickening, so I joined the Hunt Saboteurs Association.

I was impressed by the tactic of getting between the fox and the hunt to use garlic sprays and horn calls, rather like the Greenpeace activists who get between the whale and the harpoon. What I did not expect was the violence used by the hunters.

In the four years that I was a saboteur I was punched, whipped and once barged by a rider's horse. On one occasion, I had to jump over a ditch when a van was driven at me. I eventually decided to put my health first and stopped sabbing.

Keep up the good work,  
STEPHEN HIPPISEY,

Glastonbury, Somerset.

## Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

Garry Davies: And what do you do for a living?

Listener: I'm a freelance writer.

Davies: Really? Who do you work for?

Listener: Er... myself.

Radio 1  
(Geoff Culshaw)

"I like dolphins. If dolphins were human, I'd be a dolphin."

JASON DONOVAN  
(P. Evans)

"It's as if there's a laser beam in his chest attracting the ball."

JIMMY HILL, BBC1  
(Simon Ward)

"Some songs were released one year and in the charts the next, and vice versa."

MIKE READ, Radio 1  
(Jillian Monahan)

"...and tonight we have the added ingredient of Kenny Dalglish not being here."

MARTIN TYLER, Sky  
(James Charles Duval)

## Letter from the UN

from Our Own Correspondent

**A**S Javier Perez de Cuellar prepares to retire as secretary-general of the United Nations, there is no shortage of recruits for the prominent, if impotent, position.

The Africans think it is their turn and the continent reputedly has six candidates running — 12 of them Nigerian generals. The west does not accept the claim; but it is waggishly reported that the west would be prepared to compromise by running the United States' General Colin Powell, who as an African-American and military figure could epitomise the new world order.

The "favourite" in-house candidate, however, is Finnish under secretary General Martti Ahtisaari, who has just the right level of pliancy to replace de Cuellar. Minutes of a recent meeting with the Chinese ambassador report Ahtisaari sitting in silent acquiescence as the member for Tienanmen Square told him that Beijing wanted no politically unsuitable candidates for staff from China.

Article 100 of the UN charter says that neither the secretary-general nor staff shall "seek or accept instructions from government, or from any other authority external to the organisation". Ahtisaari would thus appear eminently suitable for the job of international doormat...

**MAURICE STRONG** is a Canadian multi-millionaire with a lifetime's service to the United Nations behind him. His current job is to organise the UN's high-powered conference on the environment in Brazil next year.

His wife, Hanne, like all devoted New Agers, has several lifetimes of service behind her. She has been spending her housekeeping on a New Age centre in the San Luis valley in Colorado where she has built a huge dome for world religious leaders to gather in silent meditation. Nearby she has sold a patch of land to Shirley MacLaine as a haven for world leaders (she did that after a dream), and other stakeholders in this ecumenical Shangri-la include Tibetan monks, American Indian holy men and Carmelite monks.

Last year she gushed that under the valley is a giant lake with a crystal bottom. She counts on the crystals' benign force to repel a psychic attack from "evil channellers" in Vancouver and, as she told the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, the crystal will help repel plans to siphon off the non-replenishable artesian water under the desert for sale to nearby thirsty Denver.

But hold — the plan to tap the trillions of dollars worth of water was hatched by another Canadian magnate, the reclusive Sam Belzberg — introduced to the valley by none other than environmental superstar Maurice Strong! Strong has a shareholding and still has a royalty interest in American Water Development, the company set to exploit the water. He is now acutely embarrassed as local farmers envisage their water table being lowered by the commercial pumping. This is not a strong position for the head of the world's environmental effort.

**WHILE the UN security council will meet shortly to settle the reparations Iraq will be ordered to pay to Kuwait (rumoured to be between 10 and 25 percent of its "revenue"), Kuwait may find itself in an embarrassing queue.**

**Security council decision 598, covering the armistice between Iraq and Iran after the first Gulf War, calls for the guilty party to be established and for mega-billion dollars in reparations to be awarded.**

**No one at the UN disputes that the first Gulf War started with an unprovoked Iraqi assault on Iran. And some members may even remember that that unprovoked aggression was bankrolled by... Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and other Gulf states.**

**Theoretically this could make Kuwait an accomplice and accessory and put it behind Iran in the queue for reparations.**

**AN AMUSING incident lightened the UN security council in the closing days of the Gulf War.**

Unkindly, Saddam's man at the UN, Al-Anbari, called the Kuwaiti ambassador Abulhasan a "pygmy". Although he is indeed small and imperfectly formed, the Zairean ambassador was quick to leap to his defence, accusing Al-Anbari of racism.

"There are half a million pygmies in my country," he reproached the soon-to-be humbled Iraqi.

## HOM SAP



BY DAVID AUSTIN

YOU OWE ME ONE WISH,  
NO TRICKS THIS TIME.

I WANT TO BE  
IRRESISTIBLE TO WOMEN.

AH! SO  
UGLY..

BUT SO  
SWEET.



# TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN

**I**NTRODUCING the winners of the 1990 Shouting Contest, Mr Endo Yamamuchi, chairman of the Ausuda Cough and Throat Preparation Company, said:

"This is the contest's 10th anniversary, and I am pleased to announce that the winner of the male section, Mr Yoshihiko Kato, a 35-year-old osteopath, has created a new world record by shouting 'IF YOU WANT A WAR — YOU GO TO IRAQ!' at 115.8 decibels, closely followed by Miss Miyako Shimizu, a trainee veterinary surgeon, with 'SIT DOWN YOU FOOL' at 113.8 decibels."

During their interviews, Mr Kato said that he attributed his success to being a bad-tempered man who was always shouting at his children, "particularly the youngest". And Miss Shimizu, who spent five years as a school teacher, owed her triumph "to shouting at my pupils — but when this no longer worked, I resorted to beating, which was much more effective, though it hastened my move into medicine."

**D**ETECTIVE Chief Superintendent Steven Reed of the Lancashire police told journalists that he and his colleagues were in a race against time to find a body after they had arrested the Brampton Werewolf — "whose name we are not releasing because we are still unsure of it". He increased their excitement by continuing: "We are carrying out house to house searches; sniffer dogs are combing the fields; underwater teams are examining local waterways; the search is being widened to include Walton — where the man admits to living with his mother — and forensic tests have shown that the blood on his jacket was human blood, and we believe that it is not his own blood because he has been unable to explain satisfactorily where it could have come from."

Some time later, those attending the press conference were disappointed to hear that as no fresh evidence had been found the investigation had been called off.

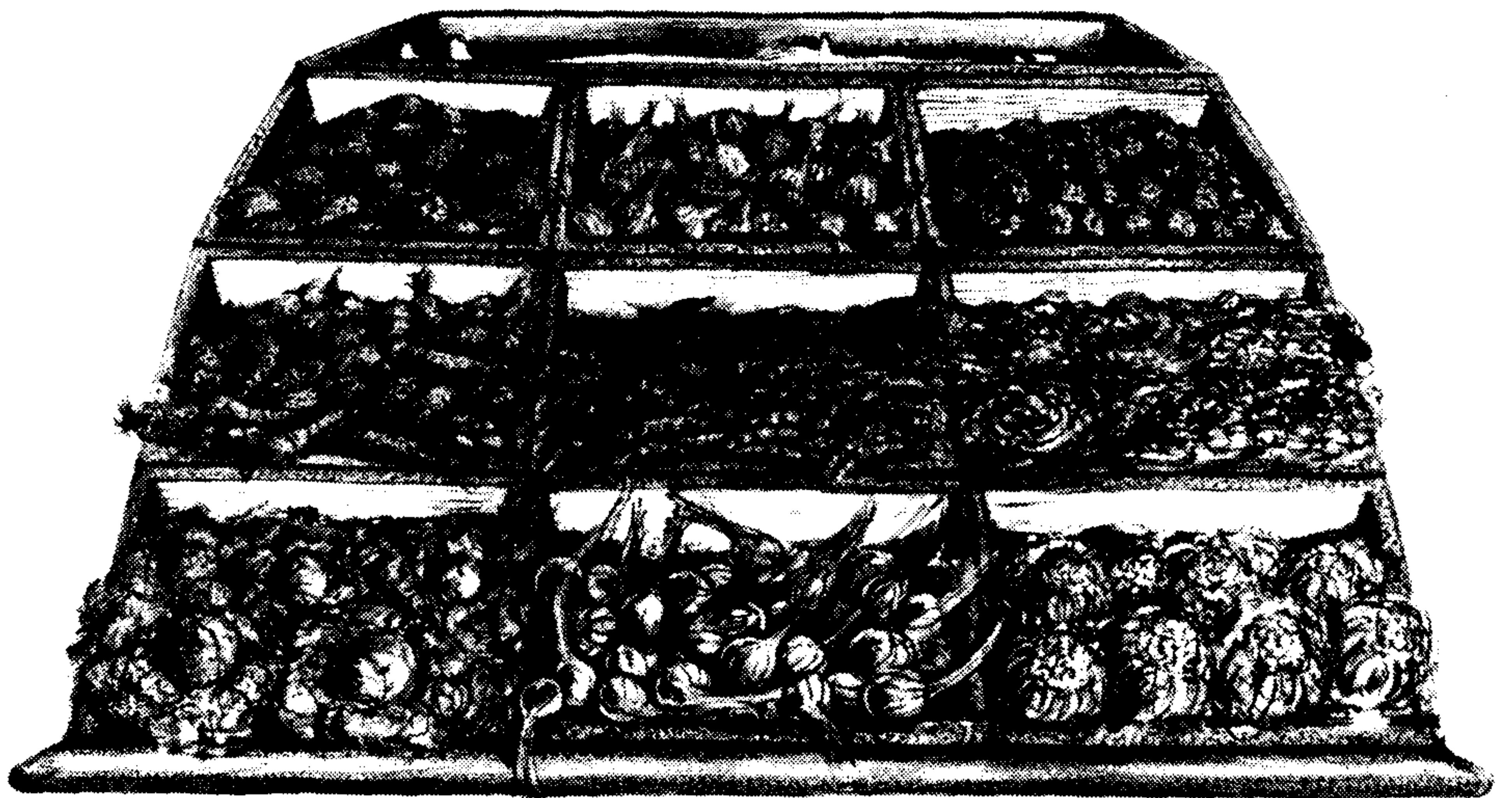
**I**N ACCORDANCE with her instructions, the body of Margaret Hoare was laid out on the counter of her greengrocery in Stackstead.

"It was a very beautiful occasion," said her friend, Edna Oddie. "Margaret lay in state on the counter for two days. Many regular customers came in to pay their respects, and

**A** LOT of people spit at me as I walk down the street, but I don't mind a bit," said Mr Anthony Luison, a Saddam Hussein look-alike.

"In fact," he continued, "I play up to it. I dress up in uniform. Every time that Saddam appears on television, my daughter shouts out 'There's daddy!'"

**I** WAS called in to help control the rescuers," said Sheriff Watson Taghoe of Keithville, Louisiana. "My deputy, Bradwell Mac, told me that a crowd of about 800



the lying-in ended with a service in the shop conducted underneath her favourite poster that depicted a large Jersey potato."

**M**RS DANIELLA Laybourne of Banbury was detained overnight at the Erwell Hospital after fainting outside the McDonalds restaurant in the Cornmarket, Oxford.

A spokesperson for the hospital said: "As Mrs Laybourne came out of the hospital a crowd of naked drunkards ran by, cavorting, pelting each other with snow, and crying out in loud tones. They were later found to be members of the rugby team."

people, including Game Warden Betty Lightment and a veterinarian armed with tranquilising darts, had spent eight hours trying to save a black bear that was stuck high up in a pine tree. But by the time I got there they found they had rescued a refuse bag."

INFORMATION: Reuters 20.12.90; Newcastle Journal 9.2.91; Psychic News 9.2.91; Cherwell 15.2.91; Morning Advertiser 14.2.91; Miami Herald 9.2.91.

MONITORS: Peter Driscoll, Neil Astley, Philip Hukings, Dominic Berry, Hugh Birley, C.I. Carter.



Canute tries again

## Yes, It's Nigel Kennedy Rhyming Slang!



|                       |                           |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Brahms and Liszt      | Platinum disc             |
| Bruch and Viv         | Spiv                      |
| Bach's Air            | Silly hair                |
| Leather jacket        | Makes a packet            |
| Stephan Grappelli     | Trainers, smelly          |
| Berlin Philharmonic   | Looks moronic             |
| Supports Aston Villa  | Uses words like 'killer!' |
| Stradivarius          | Thinks he's hilarious     |
| Friend of Gazza's     | Appeals to the mazzes     |
| Toured with the Hallé | Bit of a wally            |
| Violincello           | Tiresome fellow           |
| Quattro Stagione      | Street cred's phoney      |
| Studied with Menuhin  | Accent's not genuine      |
| Kennedy, Nige         | 'E's all the rige         |

(That's enough slang. Ed)



# New Marathon route for London

by Our Marathon Staff  
Nike Allthemoney

**F**OLLOWING controversy over the alleged financial mismanagement of the London Marathon, a new course has been devised by Inspector Knacker.

The route, replacing the old 26-mile circuit of London, starts at the home of celebrity organiser Mr Christopher Brashoffcharges, and ends at the local police station.

An alternative route, which has been rejected, again starts at the home of Mr Brashwith-the-law and ends on an airplane at Heathrow going to an unknown destination.

Mr Basil Brasher is 98.

NEWPORT ISLE OF WIGHT COMBINED COURT CENTRE

IN OPEN COURT AT 10.30 A.M.

COUNTY COURT MATTERS

9000551

COX & COX v DIX & PERSONS UNKNOWN

Originating  
Application



## JUDGE DREDDFUL

IT IS 1991 A.D. IN THE TEEMING MEGACITY AND THE PAST COMES BACK TO HAUNT TOP LAW MAN, JUDGE DREDDFUL...

THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH THE MISCREANTS YOU PUT AWAY FOR LIFE.

WHAT?

TURN'S OUT THEY DIDN'T DO IT.

SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

THE LONGER THIS GOES ON, THE MORE CONVINCED I AM THAT THEY DID IT.

NO, THE POLICE. BUT WE CAN'T HAVE PADDIES MAKING THE LAW LOOK RIDICULOUS.

THAT'S MY JOB!

THE SIX?

RESIGN JUDGE DREDDFUL! WE APPEAL TO YOUR SENSE OF DECENCY!

APPEAL REJECTED AS PER USUAL.

FRESH EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT YOU'RE UNFIT TO HOLD OFFICE.

CALL THAT FRESH! EVERYONE'S KNOWN THAT FOR YEARS. CASE DISMISSED!

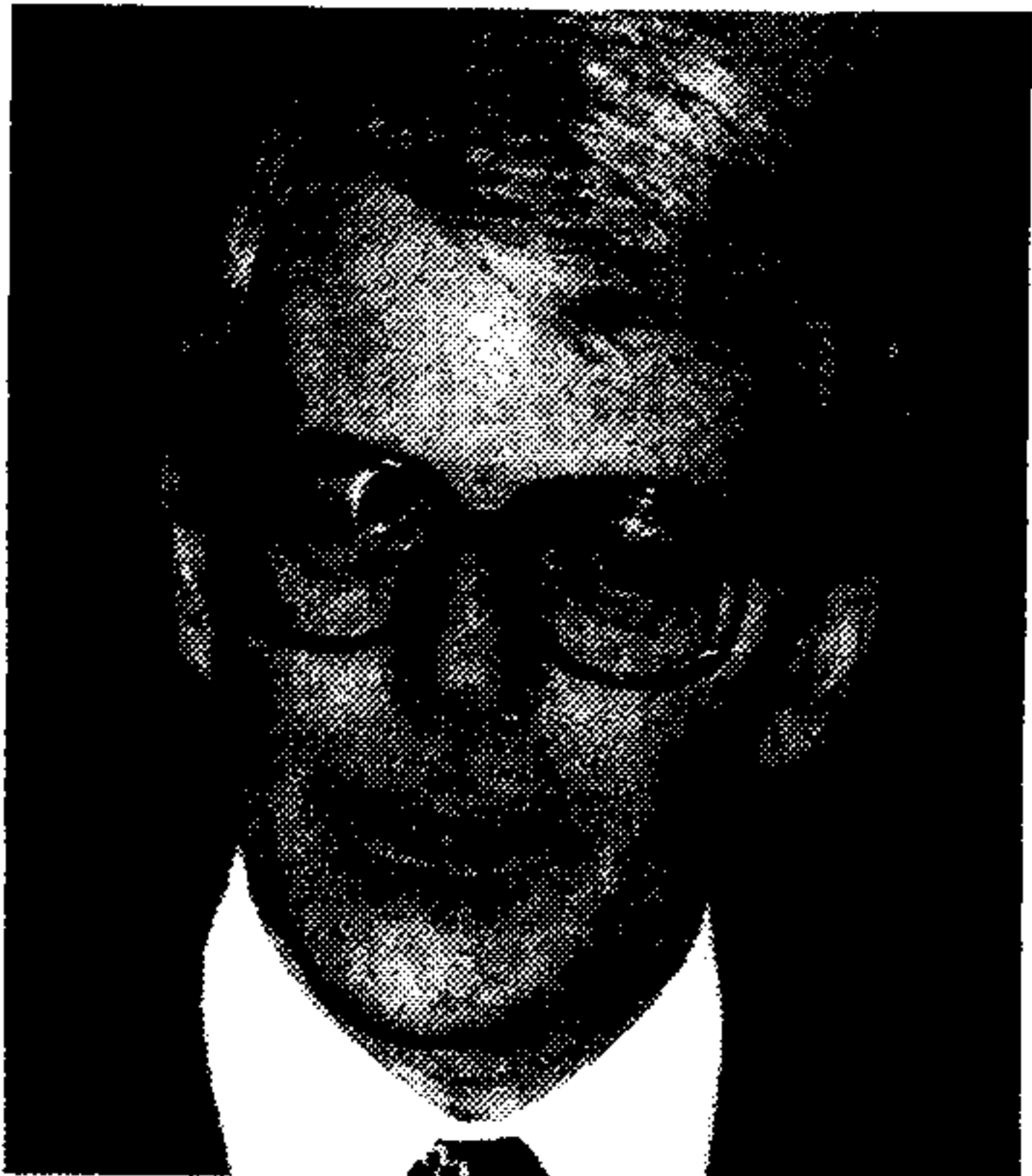
... BUT BASKET-CASE NOT DISMISSED.

JUDGE DREDDFUL, WE FIND YOU GUILTY OF A MISARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.

GUILTY! THAT'S A RELIEF. IF I WAS INNOCENT SOMEONE MIGHT LOCK ME UP FOR 16 YEARS!

THE LAW MAY NOT BE AN ASS BUT IT CAN BE AN ASSHOLE.

# The Mystical Man of Silence



The Dalai Major

**T**HIS extraordinary moral leader yet again this week impressed the world with what has become his trademark — total and absolute silence.

It is part of his creed of obedience to Peking that the Dalai Major never utters one word about Tibet or the iniquities of the Chinese government in invading and suppressing this once-proud people.

When pressed he merely gives an enigmatic smile which leaves the impression that he is totally craven and scared rigid of the Chinese (surely 'knows that silence is a higher state of being than speech'? Ed).

**LOCAL** residents are facing increases of up to 21 per cent on their water/sewerage rats charges.

Esher News & Mail



## Great Bores Of Today.

"... haven't you applied? it's an incredible offer BA'll fly you anywhere you want in the world free it's amazing we applied for two tickets Michelle wanted to go to Bali apparently her friend went there two years ago and still goes on about it but I always wanted to go to Florida I mean Disneyland sounds incredible anyway we got in early and the chances of getting tickets are really good I reckon those jumbos seat what five hundred? and if you think about it most people will be at work that day luckily I've got my own business so my time's my own and things are a bit slack at the moment the plane'll probably be half-empty anyway I always wanted to go to Florida I love *Miami Vice* brilliant you've got to go there really and they're giving you free tickets it's got to be one of the great giveaways of all time you'd be mad to miss it mind you you've got to pay your own fare coming back Michelle's had to borrow £500 from her dada and I'll have to dig in at the building society still it's a brilliant offer..."



**NEW  
FROM  
GNOME**

A CUT-OUT-'N'-KEEP  
SNOTTY LETTER TO  
SEND TO YOUR  
BANK MANAGER!

Dear Sir

It has come to my attention that your bank has insufficient funds in its account to cover its outgoings. I note that furthermore there is no existing arrangement with your customers to squander all their money on dodgy businesses and third world crooks who are clearly never going to pay you back. In the light of this I would ask you please to restrict your financial activities in future to something within your capabilities, such as investing all the money in a reputable building society.

This letter has cost you £10 which you will credit to my account.

Yours faithfully,



"Your profession — taxi-driver... And your specialist subject — absolutely bloody everything..."



Denmark  
Estate  
Bulwich

SOMEWHERE  
IN BELGRAVIA

Dear Bill,

Thank you for your welcome home crate of London Gin, which I hope you were prudent enough to obtain at pre-Budget prices. I'm sorry you were rather given the run-around by Mr Al-Sabbagh, the porter, but he has strict instructions to direct all callers to misleading addresses in the northern suburbs as a security measure. If you come again, press the bell marked Gottlieb and I will come straight down.

With regard to the coded enquiry contained in your greetings card, I think the whole trouble started in Washington. The Americans have never grasped our system of doing things, and when M. was summoned over by Basil Bush to collect her gong, practically all of them were under the impression that she was still sitting behind the big desk. The little woman, having touched down in a state of near collapse with depression and bad indigestion from swallowing Dr Gebler-Davis's happy pills, immediately perked up, and came out of the White House like that Frankenstein's monster they have on the TV when he's had five million volts put through him on the slab.

It was just like old times. Senators toasting her right and left - if it hadn't been for her Bush would never have gone over the top, shades of Winston, hands across the sea, Rule Britannia and three cheers for the Red White and Blue. Small wonder, then, that by the time she got on the TV with their local equivalent of Sue Lawley, the old girl was on a pretty good high, and sounded off in no uncertain manner about the Tory party being a lot of spineless shits who chickened out when the going got rough; the Boche would steamroller us if we went into Europe and little Major was trying to turn the clock back to the bad old days of fudge and smudge. All thoroughly sound stuff, received by the Yanks with general rejoicing and a run on British Exports.

Seconds after she came off the air, one of those lecture agencies rang the studio offering her an open-ended Coast-to-Coast tour on any subject she chose and asking her to name her price. Even I was invited by the Denver Temperance League to get up on my hind legs for \$200 and warn the youth of America about the peril that lurked in the screw-top bottle. Margaret asked the boy Mark to fix a deal, which he did in exchange for a sliding scale of the gross, at £27,000 a throw.

When we got back the phone immediately started to ring. I picked it up as we entered the flat, only to recognise the fruity tones of Old Oystereyes. Could he toddle round for a chat, he hadn't seen us for so long, there was so much to catch up on, how was our little grandson, etcetera etcetera? M. smelt a rat at once, and

received the elder statesman with a measure of icy reserve. Undeterred, the old boy sank into a chair and launched into a well-rehearsed tour d'horizon with special reference to her American comments, which he said has sparked off a good deal of chatter in the tearooms. She must find it difficult to realise this, but there were even wild rumours that she was planning some kind of come-back. He, of course, knew as well as she did just how preposterous such speculation must be, but for the good of the party it might be ahem aha the best policy to put a stop to it once and for all by accepting a peerage. The House of Lords was in crying need of leadership, and those who said that Mark was an unworthy recipient of such hereditary honours should be put in their place now by a grateful acceptance of the title Duchess of Grantham.

"Willie, Willie, how sweet of you!" Margaret beamed in her most terrifying way. "You always had my good and the good of the Party at heart, and you are a dear kind man. Where did you leave your coat? It has turned quite cold and it would be terrible if you caught a chill at your age. Let me see you to the door."

When the old boy had gone I ventured to say that a peerage sounded quite a good wheeze, thinking the while that it might at least get her out of the house for the day and provide her with someone else to sink her teeth into other than yours truly. At this, however, Scuds were aloft within seconds, all targeted on myself. Had I not given any thought to the future? Already her chosen heir had betrayed her and sided with Heseltine; her cherished Community Charge was in ruins; before long it would be free milk and orange juice, child benefit through the roof, Helmut Kohl eating Apfelstrudel at Buckingham Palace with the Queen every other week. What would the public do then? They would have no alternative but to elect a Labour government. "And then what, Denis?" I was about to say that with any luck I would have snuffed it by that stage, but an eerie gleam shone in her eyes and I realised she was not listening. "Then, Denis, like Arthur of old, slumbering in the cavern under the hill at Glastonbury, I will hear the trumpet call and awake. I will return to slay the dragon of Socialism!"

It is very depressing, and although you or I might dismiss it as delirium tremens, the old girl has got a good deal of evidence on which to base her delusions. Sackfuls of letters arrive by every post begging her to return and sort out the chaos, and my MI5 friend Gascoigne-Pees whom I saw at the RAC the other day asked me if I'd like them to put it about that little Major had a black woman in Streatham who dressed him up in chains and threw custard at him. Early days, but I'm not sure I like the way the wind is blowing.

Yours in the shadow of the tomb,

Denis

# How we are going to win the next election — Patten rallies Tories

by Our Political Staff  
Sir Alan Watneys

**O**UTLINING the Government's six-point package to woo voters back into the Tory fold during the crucial run-up period to a possible June election, Party Chairman Mr Chris Patten last night pledged the Tories to:

● **A MASSIVE** increase in public spending on the Health Service, the railways and education.

● **HUGE** across-the-board cuts in defence spending, including an end to Britain's nuclear deterrent.

● **SEIZURE** of privatised

industries, such as British Telecom, water and electricity.

● **THE TOTAL** abolition of outdated and elitist relics of outmoded feudalism — e.g. Monarchy, House of Lords, public schools, etc.

● **THE SACKING** of all judges — i.e. Lane, Denning, er... Scarman, etc, who have brought the law totally into disrepute.

● **THE FREEING** of the Broadwater Farm Three and everyone else that Paul Foot says is innocent.

● **TROOPS** out, troops out, Maggie out, no blood for oil.

● Er, basically...

● That's it.



"If you've got it, flaunt it, I always say!"

## The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book No. 94. The Churching of the Test-Tube

best-selling book *THE JOY OF NOT HAVING SEX*

### A Service Of Blessing For Those About To Be Inseminated

**The President:** Brethren and sistren, we are gathered here today to celebrate the decision of our sister Ms N— or M— (here we will name the inseminee) to accept the gift of life from an unnamed source.

Who giveth this test-tube to this woman?

*Here the representatives of the clinic or other bona fide medical organisation shall come forward bearing the phial*

**Representative:** We do.

**President:** Who receiveth this holy gift?

**Inseminee:** I do.

**President:** Hast thou received a course of counselling, as has been duly ordained by Mrs Bottomley?

**Inseminee:** I so hath.

**President:** Dost thou promise that when the fruits of this act of insemination are duly

brought forth into the world thou shalt establish a bonding relationship with the child and bring him or her up in the doctrines of the Holy Church, whatever they may be at that time?

**All:** Subject to the proviso that the organised church shall still exist.

**Inseminee:** I do (or she may say "I hate men", whichever may be deemed more appropriate).

**President:** If anyone knows of any just cause or impediment why this virgin may not receive the seed hereby donated, they are to write immediately to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is very anxious that this correspondence should continue.

*There shall then be a Pregnant Pause*

**President:** And now hear these words of Alex Comfort.

*There shall follow a reading from the*

### Prayer of Thanksgiving to the Donor

**All:** O Lord, we give thanks to all those thy servants who labour mightily behind the screens that the holy seed falleth not upon barren ground but goeth forth to multiply as is thy commandment. Amen.

*There shall then be sung some suitable hymn or anthem, such as COME ALL YE FAITHFUL OR WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS AND SCATTER THE GOOD SEED IN THE TUBE. (That's enough smutty hymns — God.)*

### The Exchange

*Here the Representative shall place the phial in the handbag of the Inseminee, who shall then hand over a cheque to the amount agreed with the clinic.*

**President:** I now solemnly pronounce you a prospective single parent mother-to-be. Those who have been inseminated, let no man interfere with.

**All:** Too right.

### The Dismissal

**The President:** Get out, I've got two weddings and three christenings to fit in before 3.00.

**All:** Fair enough.

*Issued by the Carey & Sharey Jesus Movement plc (formerly the Church of England)*



# New charity craze sweeps Britain!

by Our Comedy Staff  
Lord Loon

**YES! It's Red Face Day!**  
The day when all over  
the country senior mem-  
bers of the legal profession  
put on red faces!

It's all part of the great British  
tradition known as COMIC  
RELEASE, an event which is fast  
becoming a national institution.

What happens is that innocent  
prisoners are let out of jail,  
causing huge embarrassment all  
round.

Last year COMIC RELEASE

centred around Guildford, and an  
amazing four people were freed.

This year Birmingham has  
done even better and raised the  
number of innocent men to six!

Said a spokesman for COMIC  
RELEASE: "Next year it could be  
hundreds. Who can tell. At this  
stonking rate Britain's jails can be  
empty by the year 2000."

Red Face Day is the brainchild  
of Lord Lane, who appeared this  
year with a specially red face to  
mark his contribution to the  
success that has been COMIC  
RELEASE 1991.



"Great news, Friday! I've been invited to do a lecture tour  
of South Africa!"



## A DAILY MAIL HEALTH EXCLUSIVE

# STRESS TEN TELL- TALE SIGNS

### 1. Wears glasses

Eyes deteriorating,  
probably as a result of not  
understanding what he is  
reading.

### 2. Grey hair

Clear sign of cracking up.

### 3. Sore throat

Well-known symptom of  
mental instability.

### 4. Drowsiness

An early indicator of  
incompetence and insanity.

### 5. Called John

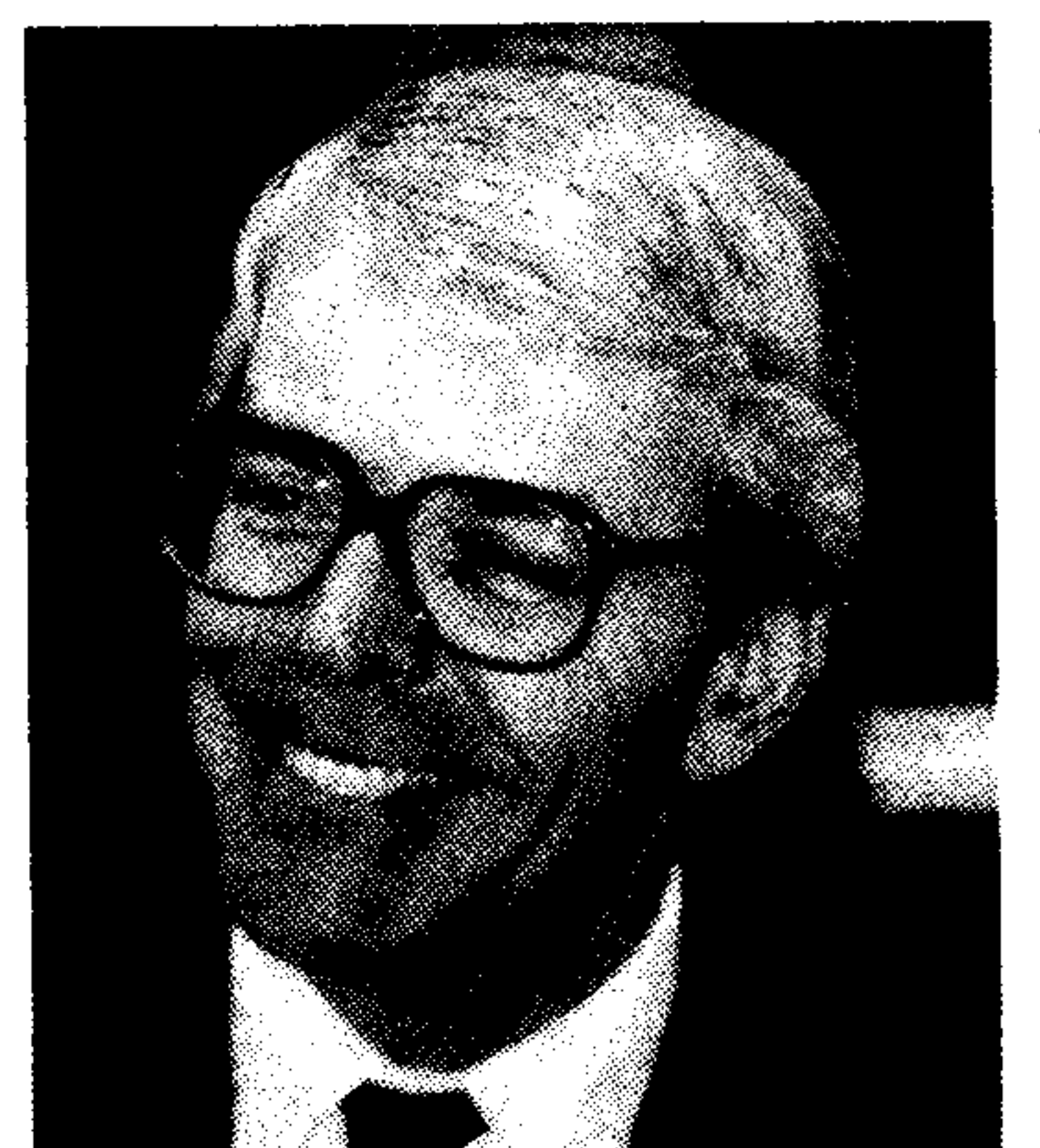
John is a name always  
associated with weak,  
hopelessly ineffectual  
leaders. Unlike, say, Maggie.

### 6. Not called Maggie

Conclusive evidence that  
he should resign at once.

### 7. Come back, Mrs T

The only way to restore



this country to its former  
glory.

### 8. Major must go

See above.

### 9. Er...

### 10. That's It.

© Paul Johnson and all other  
lunatic right-wingers who can't  
bear the fact that she's washed  
up.

# HEIR OF SORROWS

BY  
SYLVIE KRIN

*THE STORY SO FAR: Charles at last meets the Dalai Lama at an environmental conference entitled "What Is Going On Is Really Appalling".*

Now read on...

A STRONG smell of incense filled the small ante-room off the main delegates' hall. It was strewn with brightly coloured cushions and, in the centre, stood a huge Thim bell, rung only when the Dalai Lama entered his nineteenth incarnation — which could happen at any time, according to the monks of the Gung Ho monastery.

Beneath the gold bell sat the smiling impassive figure, the leader of ten million Daks, his bronzed features wreathed in the flickering light of a ceremonial candle made from yak-lard.

Charles entered and bowed low. He felt a sense of awe and wonderment in the presence of such a genuinely spiritual leader. Try as one might, he had never felt like this when meeting, say, Archbishop Runcie or even Sir Jimmy Savile.

For a moment Charles was at a loss for words. The aura of the Dalai seemed to engulf him. After what seemed like hours of silence (and which Charles realised was in fact hours when he gazed at his new Biorhythmic New Age chronometer), the Dalai gestured to one of his saffron-robed attendants.

Charles at last thought of something to say.

"Hare Krishna! Hare Rama!"

A puzzled frown passed across the great sage's face, but once again he smiled gently and nodded.

A young monk clad only in a Giorgio Armani robe and Goo-Chi loh-fahs moved to where Charles was sitting cross-legged in the Nissan position which he had been told by Sir Laurens van der Post, his old friend and mentor, was essential in the presence of a truly holy man.

The monk handed Charles an ancient scroll tied with camel hair.

"For you," said the acolyte. "It is from the legend of the Eternal Moon."

Charles received it gratefully.

"This really is amazing... to sort of

meet you after reading so much about you in this book, *My Life with the Dalai Lama* by Sir Laurens van der Post... he's a great friend of yours, I understand..."

Once again a puzzled look crossed the Dalai Lama's wizened features. He whispered into the ear of a nearby monk, who shook his head and then rang the bell to signal that the interview was at an end.

Charles could scarcely believe his good fortune. To have been present when the bell rung! It was a chance in a million!



"IT WAS a chance in a million!" Charles told Diana breathlessly. "You see, he goes into his 19th transcendence thing when the bell rings, and I was there..."

"Yah. Yah. But aren't you back a bit early?"

Her pale blue eyes glanced casually at the 17th century Eisenberg longcase clock, a gift from Crown Prince Shifti al Saab-Turbo of Kuwait.

"I had to get back and tell you all about it. You see, the Dalai didn't say one word. But he didn't need to because in a way he used his silence to say everything..."

"Sounds like a good idea," Diana said, shoving a copy of the *Daily Mail* behind a cushion on the settee. It showed a photograph of a dashing young officer, and carried the headline

"GULF HERO WOOS DI".

"Hello? What's that you've got there? Don't tell me they're at it again."

Charles read the paper and laughed, his mood too enriched by the spiritual karma of the Tibetan saint to be perturbed by the vulgar effusions of the gutter press.

"How trivial it all seems! This rubbish! It's sort of like a spiritual pollution thingie, isn't it?"

"Yah, Chazzo. You've got it spot on!" Diana agreed enthusiastically.

"It's all made up, you see. One really should learn to ignore it, and like the Dalai let one's silence be the answer."

Charles looked out across the lawn with its panoply of golden daffodils waving their heads like swans in the March breeze.

He took a deep breath of satisfaction and announced:

"I think I'll take a stroll before tea in the grounds. It is such a perfect afternoon. Care to join me, darling?"

"Er... no... I... er... no..." Diana patted the cushions nervously but Charles was already on his way down the long corridor. As he paused to collect his worsthorne walking stick from the wrought-iron embonpoint in the hallway, he was passed by a tall young man wearing the dress uniform of a major in the Household Green and

Loyals (The Desert Gerbils).

He seemed strangely familiar somehow, though Charles could not remember where from... That was the trouble with someone in one's job, he thought to himself, one met so many people.

In his favourite spot in the garden Charles sat on the lichen-covered oak bench (made by Viscount Linley and repaired by a local firm only recently). It was only then that he remembered the scroll that the Dalai had so graciously given him. His fingers fumbled as he unfurled the ancient dried yoghurt parchment. What could the message be? He read it aloud.

"Beware of a tall dark stranger."

What on earth could that mean?

(To be continued)

# Confusion continues over search for poll tax replacement

Public baffled by contradictory claims

Major 'livid' at Heseltine leak

Heseltine 'furious' at Major snub

Is this the world's longest headline?

by Our Poll Tax Alternative Staff  
Bernard Levy and Anthony Poll

**T**HERE WAS further confusion in Whitehall today as Government spokesmen continued to announce a steady stream of possible alternatives to the community charge.

At 8.32 Mr Heseltine leaked details of the outcome of his three-month review of the poll tax, stating that the Government planned shortly to introduce a new property-based "head tax" based on ability to pay and the number of bedrooms occupied in each house.

Half an hour later, Mr Major came out into Downing Street and told waiting newsmen that the Heseltine plan was "unworkable" and that his own preference was for a mix of a Norwegian-style local income tax, coupled with a levy on the number of bedrooms in use between the hours of 7am and midnight.

Mr Chris Patten then intervened to reveal details of a shoe tax, whereby the old rating system would be revived, but based on a revaluation of the number of pairs of shoes owned by each household. A particular attraction of the Patten scheme would be that disabled persons, who possessed only one shoe, would be automatically exempted.

Mr Lamont, however, is believed to favour a "legover" tax, which would be calculated on the frequency of sexual intercourse between consenting members of the household during the week preceding the chosen assessment date.

At 11.32 the situation was further confused by a statement from Mrs Norma Major, who announced to waiting newsmen that her husband was "mentally ill" and "should be taken away by men in white coats".

## John Cole comments

"Hondootedly Mostah Meejor tower of babel honolulu baby liquifruta mantovani Pool Tax Shocker sing-sing alcatraz martin scorsese Mostah Moichael Heseltine options open bockbenchers jittery easter bonnet with all the frills upon it ayrtion senna June Poll phil spector hannibal lecturer gerard depardieu candida lycett-green Ribble Effect nostradamus semiramide mitridate in ponto Mostah Lamont Total Shambles All Washed Op badalamenti reebok (continued p. 94)

# Who's Who in the New Yugoslavia



As Yugoslavia slides towards civil war, *Private Eye* prints a handy cut-out-and-keep guide to the personalities who are shaping the destiny of tomorrow's Balkans.

**SLOBODAN DANISLOB**, 47, charismatic leader of the Serb New Democrat Party (formerly the Communists),

whose calls for the extermination of all Croats in Kosovo has recently provoked mass demonstrations in the autonomous region of Prin by irredentist Bosnians who are demanding the massacre of the Hercegovinian minority in Slovenia led by Montenegrin-born Mihail Kuthisballsov, 41, whose Croat-led anti-Communist militia is accused of plotting a bloodbath against Albanians living in the largely Orthodox, Muslim-speaking Pristina stronghold of the (continued p. 94)



# The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47 $\frac{3}{4}$

## Monday

I'm afraid I am in danger of becoming upset. More so than I have been for some considerable period of time. When Norman brought in the papers this morning while I was having breakfast, she showed me a number of items which she had marked with one of my special grey highlighters. "Look at what that woman has been saying," she said. "She obviously thinks she is still Prime Minister." And, sure enough, she was right. My wife, Norman, I mean, not Mrs Thatcher. Apparently, Mrs Thatcher has been going round telling the Americans that all the people who voted for me to become Prime Minister were "traitors" and "cowards", and that I have not been carrying out her policies. How hurtful, after all I have done. Norman says that I must not allow myself to be bossed about by a woman. "You are right, as always, my dear," I told her. From now on I am going to show Mrs Thatcher that my policies are totally different from hers, and when I think of them they jolly well will be.



## Tuesday

I have decided to show everyone who is boss. I am going to see Herr Kohl. Mrs Thatcher never got on with him and she will really hate it when I am photographed smiling with him and calling him Helmut. This time I hope he will remember my name!

I caught the aeroplane in the morning and Mr Kohl fitted me in for a meeting in his office after lunch. Afterwards, I asked Mr O'Donnell, my pressman, how it had gone. He said everything had turned out just as we planned. He had told all the papers that my meeting had marked a historic departure. The dreadful divisive days of Thatcherism were over and a new era of mutual co-operation was ushering in a new dawn. Oh yes. All the journalists obviously agreed, because this was exactly what they wrote the next day. She will be very considerably cross indeed in my judgement! Ha, ha.

## Wednesday

A funny thing about this job is that you never know which country you'll be in next. Mr Hurd came in this morning and said that President Bush was going on a golfing holiday in Bermuda, and that he might have time to fit in a quick meeting with me, if it was convenient. Mr Hurd said that it would be very useful if there could be some pictures in the papers of me and President Bush, to remind Mr Bush of how well he and I get on.

## Thursday

Bermuda is much further away than you think. We seemed to be on the aeroplane for an awfully long time, and it was hard to sleep because they kept on showing films. When the plane landed Mr Bush had personally sent someone to fetch me to his golf course. When I arrived he said: "John, boy, you're looking terribly grey around the gills." "Thank you, Mr President," I replied. "I bet some guy keeps ringing you up in the middle of the night telling you what to do," he said. How did he know? He is certainly a very extraordinary man. No wonder he won the war.

## Friday

Apparently I am very ill. All the papers are saying it, so perhaps they are right. When we had our daily Cabinet meeting, my friend Chris said: "You look Bushed." I laughed, as it was obviously meant to be one of his jokes! But I did admit that I had a bit of a sore throat. Then Norma Lamont winked at everyone and said: "You'd better go and suck a Fisherman's Friend." Everybody sniggered, but I said that, in fact, I had some Strepsils, which are very considerably more effective in my experience.

I then announced that I had decided to scrap the Poll Tax. (This caused some surprise because I always used to refer to it as the community charge!) "This is a very brave move," I said.

"Yes, John," said Chris. "Getting rid of the most unpopular tax in history certainly takes guts."

After lunch my wife, Norman, said that she needed my study for an hour, as she had to talk to someone from our local paper in Huntingdon. After I had agreed, the doorbell rang and a very fierce-looking young lady came in and pushed past me. Norman said over her shoulder: "The one with the glasses is my husband," as they disappeared into the study.

## Saturday

"Look," said Norman, as she brought me the papers. "I've got you a scoop." I looked at the headlines. "PM AT DEATH'S DOOR", said one. "MY JOHN IS TOO ILL TO DO THE JOB SAYS NORMA", said another. "Why on earth did you tell them that?" I asked her. "I wanted to show them that you were not like Mrs Thatcher," she said, with a proud smile. "No one ever said that she was ill."

## Monday

Norman is very busy nowadays giving interviews to the press. This leaves her considerably less periods of time to cook my supper. Tonight, for example, I had yesterday's leftovers — i.e. a plate of mashed potatoes. As I was eating them, however, I had one of my ideas, oh yes, which I wrote down immediately on the back of Norman's message ("Your dinner is in the fridge"). It struck me that the mashed potatoes were, in my judgement, very similar to the policies of the Labour Party! I shall make this the climax of my pre-election speech in Southport. (Note: Must ask Chris if we are having the election.)

## Tuesday

Budget Day! I always enjoy The Budget because of the long and detailed speeches about fiscal policy. It is nearly as much fun to listen to as to present, as I told Norma Lamont since it was his turn this year.

He told a joke about mobile phones, which was the first of his jokes I have ever understood. No one laughed though, perhaps because he put up a tax called VAT. In the old days Mrs Thatcher used to cut taxes, which shows how different things are nowadays.

The Labour Party, no doubt annoyed by my "mashed potatoes" idea, have described me as "a gutless corporate creep". I object strongly to this. To call me corporate when we all agreed in Cabinet that I was my own man just makes them look silly.

Anyway, as David Mellor, who's becoming a very good friend of mine, said: "Look at it this way, Prime Minister. They were never this rude about Mrs Thatcher. You must be very different indeed." Oh yes.



**FROM HM GOVERNMENT**

JM/3742/MT/ZXD/MH

# An Important Notice To All Chargepayers

- 1** BY NOW you and other persons in your household should have been in receipt of a community charge demand for the year 1991-92.
- 2 IMPORTANT** If you have already paid the sum demanded, either in full or in part under the direct debit mandate scheme PX/423/Z1, you are now entitled to a rebate of that proportion of the total sum paid which is repayable under the Poll Tax Abolition (Importance Of Winning The Next Election) Measure announced last Tuesday.
- 3** IN ORDER to apply for the rebate, or such a sum thereof which may be deemed applicable, you should apply to your local Charge Rebate Officer, whose address will be published shortly in your local paper.
- 4 IMPORTANT** Do not in any circumstances attempt to contact your local Charge Office in respect of this matter, as they are at the moment working on the new updated Charge Amendment Notice which will come into force as soon as the revised terms of the Charge assessment have been notified to local authorities.
- 5 IMPORTANT** If you have not yet completed your Charge Registration Document NM/472B/PDQ, you are in breach of Regulation 24B, sub-section (ii) of the Community Charge Registration Act 1990 and therefore liable to proceedings in a Crown Court and to a fine not exceeding £2,000,000.
- 6 IMPORTANT. Please Read This Carefully** Since compiling the notice contained in the above paragraph regarding failure to register, we are now obliged to inform you that under the new Community Charge Collection Order the terms of the above regulation have been suspended *sine die* and therefore the penalties applicable under this provision have been revoked until further notice.
- 7 IMPORTANT** All Chargepayers are advised that the Community Charge still continues to enjoy full legal validity. This provision still applies, despite what you may have read in the press, e.g. huge headlines in the *Daily Telegraph* reading POLL TAX ABOLISHED — NEW TARZAN SHOCKER (Unfunny Cartoon by Garland, p.9). This means that you are still liable to pay a certain sum to your local Charge Office, even though it is not yet clear just how much you are liable to pay. If you do not pay this amount, then you are liable to prosecution as a Nazi war criminal under the new War Crimes (Abolition of Poll Tax) Bill, which is currently being rushed through Parliament.
- 8 IMPORTANT** If you are a *bona fide* Nazi war criminal and suspect that you may be liable to prosecution under the above bill, you are strongly advised to leave the country before the bill becomes law, in order to avoid prosecution. If you have already paid your Community Charge, in whole or in part, then a rebate may be paid to you c/o The Nationalist Bank, Asunción, Paraguay, upon completion of form NSPD/1939-45/SSVIV2.

**IMPORTANT** Please bear in mind with regard to the above that the whole of this colossal cock-up is entirely due to Mrs Thatcher.

RT. HON. M. HESELTINE MP  
Secretary Of State For  
The Environment

*Celeb*

L I G G E R



# DIARY

Cheers all round to every reader of this robustly humorous, and, in a very real sense, Christian magazine! You probably don't know me from the proverbial Adam, but this week I put on the smashing new cap of "ArchBee of C". This is what I call myself when communicating with the young (for whom, incidentally, I have a lot of time).

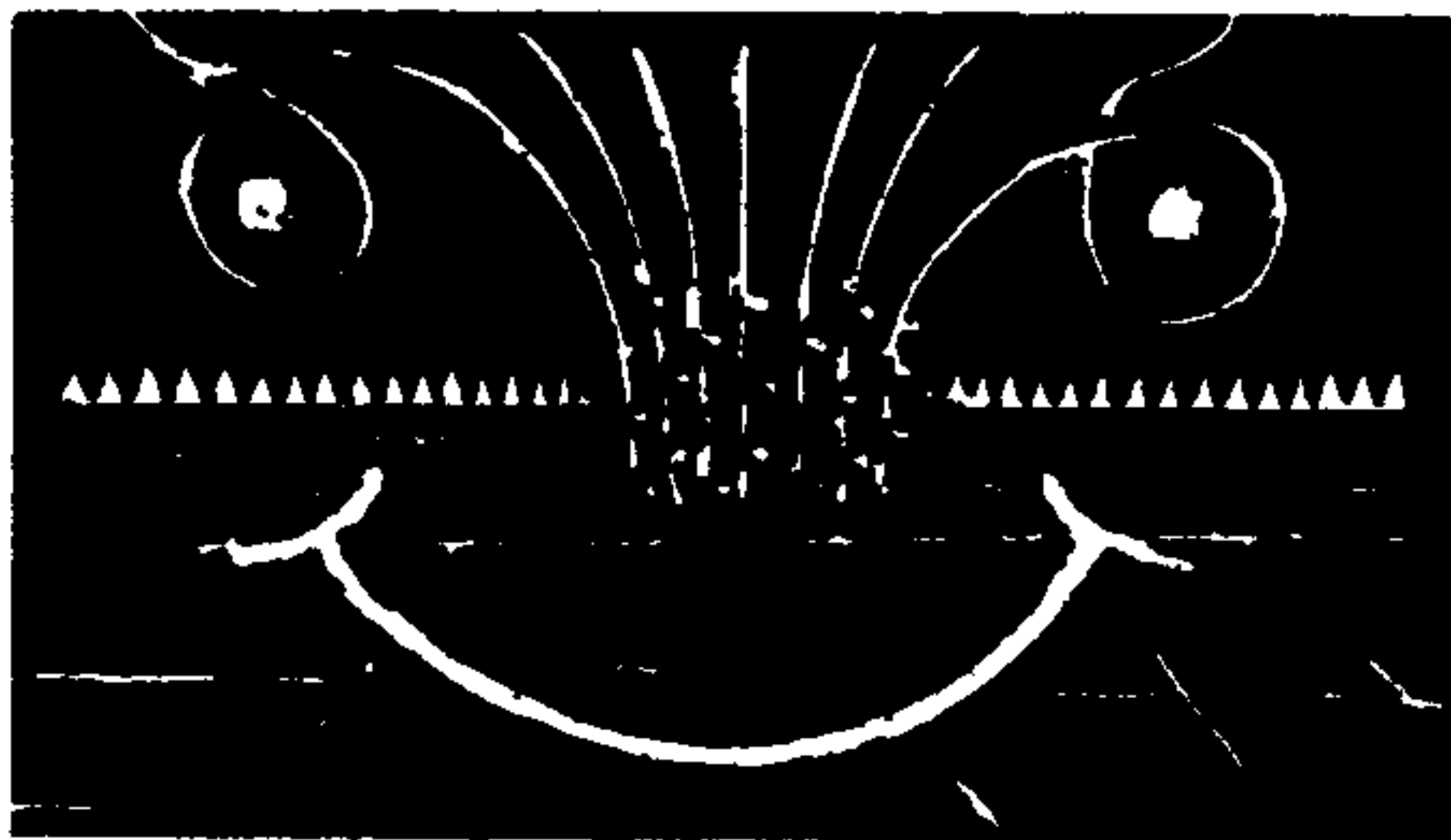
"Communicating". It's an awfully long word, isn't it? And it means a lot too. To my mind, Jesus was the greatest communicator of them all, a sort of olden day disc-jockey, if you like. But instead of the Hit Parade, Jesus had his Top Ten parables, and instead of the phone-in, he had a hotline to God. If there's one thing I want to achieve in my new job, it's to see us playing more of the Top Ten at 45rpm, and less at 33rpm! There's nothing wrong with a bit of get up and go, as Brian Clough once told me!

"Parables". What do we mean by "parables"? That's an awfully tricky word, isn't it? But let's not be frightened by it, because it just means "super stories", much as a splendid modern writer like Jack Higgins or Jeffrey Archer would spin.

I am, by the way, a terrific believer in the modern world. We can all learn a lot from gadgets, and I believe that if Jesus were around today, he would be the first to use the tin-opener, the non-stick frying pan and the sticky label. But the modern world does create tremendous pressures on the individual, and this is the topic I would like to tackle in this column. Cheers!

First, a little bit about yours truly. Everyone calls me George, and that's the way I like it. I'm a great one for Churches being friendly forums for folk young and old to get together in drama workshops or encounter groups so as to hammer out what makes them tick. Super. When I arrived at Wells Cathedral I thought to myself, "George," I thought, "George, you'll have to do something about this fuddy-duddy old building if you're going to grab the punters by the proverbial lapels — for a start, those crumbly old walls could do with a lick of paint!"

Within a week, I had armed a keen band of young Christian helpers with the requisite brushes, and, singing that fine old Christian hymn *Hey Ho, Hey Ho, It's Off To Work We Go*, they soon had those stone walls a cheerful bright



## THE RT. REV. GEORGE CAREY

orange. Result? Bums on seats went right up, and that, in the modern church, is very much the name of the game.

We then covered up the gloomy old tiles and tombs with a nice bit of eezi-kleen carpeting and some fabulous posters of that marvellous singer Cliff Richard — signed by Cliff himself, no less! This greatly appealed to the young, of course, so much so that we included Cliff's Eurovision winner, *Congratulations*, in our first Christmas service, or "get-together" as I prefer to call it. Result? Bums on seats went through the roof.

We shunted the old font to a corner and installed a very popular coffee, tea and sundry hot beverages machine. We established a super "drop-in" centre for the senior citizens where a dusty old chapel used to be. Finally, we got rid of the old altar. In this way we challenged people to be more committed as Christians in the true sense, placing the focus away from the "never-never" world of Holy Ghosts and suchlike and right back into the here and now and what I call the "Three F's": Friendliness, Fellowship, and Fifty pence for tea or coffee and a digestive (plain or milk chocolate).

I come from what is called the "Evangelical" wing of the old C of E. "Evangelical" — now that's a funny word, and I should think you're wondering what on earth old George is on about. If I've said it once, I've said it one hundred times: there's no future in petrol-station Christianity — using Sunday to fill the spiritual tank for the week. I'm of the firm belief that Jesus himself kept his tank filled throughout the week — and he kept the coupons too, so that, in time to come, he could cash them in for a fully guaranteed household appliance to help him with his work in this life. And we must strive to do likewise, always show-

ing off our new kettles, tumblers and fondue sets so that those less committed to Christianity will say to themselves, "My, I too must fill up my petrol-tank today and everyday so that soon it will be overflowing and the petrol will quickly spread throughout my neighbourhood, leaving its mark on one and all." So, in a nutshell, this is what we mean by Evangelical: Less of the Pomp and more of the Pump. "Nutshell" — now that's a funny word.

Favourite football club? The Gunners, the Gunners, the Gunners all the way! As is by now well-known, I'm a devoted supporter of Arsenal Football Club. I believe that we in what I call "The Global Christian Business" can learn a lot from their teamwork, energy and general control of the ball. In a funny sort of way, football has a lot in common with true Christianity, you know. For instance, there is only one God, and there is only one football per game. Football goes back years and years, and so of course does God. A good football is made from stout leather, and so are many Bibles, though in this day and age I often think that a handy paperback Bible is just as good, and much more convenient. Those of us who hope to "score for the Lord" would do well to take a tip from the top Arsenal strikers. When I asked Paul Merson — a great chum of mine — how he performed his magic, he said something that has stayed in my mind to this very day. Do you know what he said? He said, "Keep your eyes on the ball and give it all you got." Plenty of food for thought for all committed Christians there, I would suggest!

Roll up! Roll up! It's time for all Christians in the public eye to stand up and be counted! To me, "telly" can be a potent force for good in our world, as can be seen from the continuing success of such marvellous programmes as *Songs of Praise* and the excellent five minute *Time for Thought* broadcast at 11.55am every third Tuesday on the Open University course (channels vary). As a way of attracting the young in this Decade of Evangelism, I have formed a "Rock Stars for the Lord" consortium of rock stars who are not Afraid to be Anglican. We already have big-name rock stars such as Cliff Richard, Sir Harry Secombe, Cliff Michellmore and Thora Hird — and if that fabulous line-up won't bring in the young, then frankly I don't know what will!



The present crisis was sparked off two weeks ago when Mr Haughey moved towards a change in the law after the Irish Family Planning Association was fined for illegally selling condoms at the Virgin Megastore in Dublin.

Daily Telegraph

The late Leonard Bernstein won the best female R&B vocal performance.

Mainichi Daily News

Chatham News

# Literary Review

## The Eagle has crash landed...

### The Eagle Has Flown

Jack Higgins

(Chapmans, £14.99)

ARE SEQUELS a good idea? More precisely, are sequels 16 years on a good idea? Jack Higgins's publisher seems to think so.

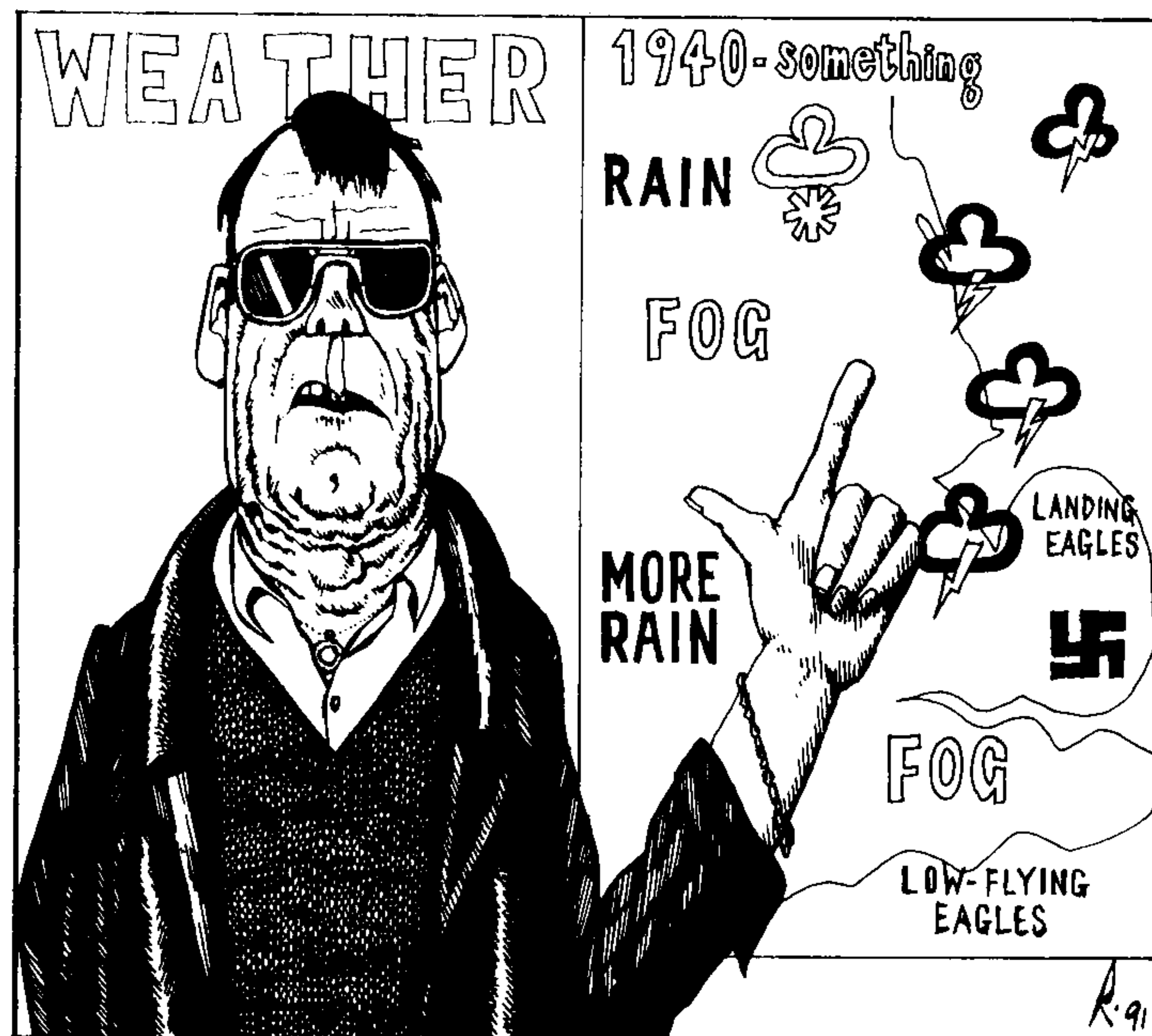
According to the blurb writer's confident testimony "millions have waited" for this exceedingly belated follow-up to *The Eagle Has Landed*, the novel about a Nazi attempt to assassinate Churchill in 1943 which single-handedly transformed its creator from run-of-the-mill thriller writer to international bestseller. But this is Higgins's third publisher in three years — vanity and greed seem to have seen off the other two — and the thought of a career grown static hangs over any examination of *The Eagle Has Flown*.

Did I say static? Jack Higgins's novels are generic. Their characteristic is that they resemble other novels by Jack Higgins, in some cases literally so, as whole passages of dialogue and description have a habit of being rolled on from book to book.

Like his characters, perhaps, our Jack is a man of few words. Consequently *The Eagle Has Flown*, in which a plot is hatched to spring Colonel Steiner, survivor of the Churchill debacle, from the Tower of London through the agency of the obliging IRA terrorist Liam Devlin — the Canaris plot against Hitler lurking all the while in the background — is an agreeably familiar work. Like any Higgins excursion it has the over-researched bits (no doubt an RAF Ly-sander *did* fly at 270mph and require a 240-yard runway) and the under-researched bits (the Birmingham train, you fear, arrives at Euston rather than King's Cross). It has the same perfunctory attitude to scene, character and death — notably page 235 in which no fewer than four people get blown away — and the same bizarre invocations of famous writers — in this case Dickens, Browning and Whitman — just to show that the author has read a few books.

It also has that typical Higgins thumbprint, the complete absence of any description that actually describes. The characters here tend to be "a small man, sallow skin, black hair

carefully parted", "a small, frail man with very white hair", or to have "olive skin, hollow cheeks and a pencil moustache, his hair carefully parted in the middle". Punctilious, perhaps, over the single question of hair, Higgins's evocations of scene are yet more minimalistic. A garden? "Flowers everywhere". The London docks. "Ships everywhere". Dialogue is strung together with a few stage inflections — Irish blarney (from Devlin), upper-class twit (from the English fifth-columnist Sir Max-



well Shaw) serving to differentiate the speakers.

However, *The Eagle Has Flown* has one novel dimension, a feature of earlier Higgins novels now given a new and overwhelming importance. Nominally a book about World War II counter-espionage, it's *actually* a book about the weather. Climatic conditions brook very large in *The Eagle Has Flown*. In fact they seem to be the only phenomena in which Higgins takes the slightest interest. "Damn rain. I suppose the driver of the car skidded," says the detective on page 21. Subsequently the weather becomes a vital hinge on which the story turns, dwarfing plot — there never was very much of that — and character — there never was very

much of that either — into insignificance.

"Looks as if we're going to get some fog. Bloody weather," someone remarks on page 70 when the English top brass review their custody of Steiner. By page 72 there is an animated account of a fog, which is "yellow and acrid and bit the back of the throat like acid". The scene then switches to Germany where, naturally enough, "the weather was bad in Berlin, the kind of winter that wouldn't make up its mind". "Jesus, the rain," Devlin reflects, a bit later on. "That's London for you." Just how central all this mist, rain, wind, snow and so forth is to motivation and the course of the action can be gauged by the scene in which a German general asks Devlin why he can never take anything seriously. "It's the rain," the IRA man replies sincerely. As for the book's climax when the plane flies in to whisk Devlin and his prize back to

France, the lavish descriptions of another pea-souper make it clear from the start that the enterprise is doomed to failure.

Fog, fog, nothing but fog. *The Eagle Has Flown* might be an indifferent novel, but as a climactic resumé of the period December 1943 to January 1944 it is in a class of its own.

## BOOKS & BOOKMEN

THE PRIZE for treating staff with exceptional callousness in last week's bloodletting undoubtedly goes to gentlemanly publisher Hodder & Stoughton.

Letters from chairman and substantial shareholder Philip Attenborough were sent to the homes of 640

employees to arrive on Saturday morning. The letters played Russian roulette, rather than presenting the black spot: guess what, chums, in two weeks' time 120 of you will be purged. Do you think you'll be among them? Attenborough's comment to *Publishing News*: "This will keep us independent and profitable."

Hodders, even more than other publishers today, is ruled by its bankers and it is they who have forced the division of the general list into two — fiction and paperbacks incongruously lumped together, and non-fiction nestling down with religious books, which hitherto had been thought of as non-fiction. This radical surgery is likely to prove suicidal and Hodders will, if Dick Snyder still wants it, no doubt be sold to Simon & Schuster when the recession ends and life returns to "normal".

The new divisions need two managing directors where previously one, the loyal and discreet Eric "Major" Major, had sufficed. Nice Mr Attenborough, according to the trade press, "says that Hodder's former general books MD, Eric Major, is happy with these new dispositions". Pity they didn't ask Eric.

Wherever the bloodletting last week, it is the empire loyalists who have been exterminated. Sir Fatty Cheetham beguiled the much liked Geoff Mulligan to (increasingly) Random Century last year when there was no job for him and has now sent him packing. Richard Cohen of Hutchinson, described in the current *Harpers & Queen* as a Cheetham loyalist, has been expelled both for being the most famous editor in the group (tell that to Virago Callil and Sir Thomas Maschler); for bringing in authors successful elsewhere; and for making money, although legend has it otherwise.

Hutchinson's managing director Gail Rebeck felt it unfair that other editors had to bask in Rev Cohen's glory: the real role of the editor in 1991 is not to bring authors in but to take them out, as the memorable photograph in the *Independent* of Sir Kingsley Amish being pushed in a wheelchair at his Foyles luncheon endorsed. If you assumed that the pusher was a Dorchester flunkey or even a Hutchinson rep ingratiating himself with the bestselling memorialist, you'd be wrong. The Larkinesque figure was Hutchinson's veteran poetry editor Tony Whittome.

At Harper Collins Eddie Bell's butchery has claimed official figures of 60, but rumours of many more printing and sales staff job losses are rife.

There are still an awful lot of reps left, which may be the result of Eddie hating them less than he hates most people in editorial. The irresistible rise of "Arturo" Eddie makes plain that what he wants are bestsellers as fat as himself.

Collins books being rather more interesting than most recently have not been among the top trash. Thus suave managing director Simon King, who has survived many a coup at Collins down the years, is out, as is the ultimate company man in corporate publishing Nick Austin.

Even laid back Faber, according to chairman Matthew Evans (shortly to become Mr Caroline Michel), is "having to make our book side profitable." *Cats* is suddenly no *Mousetrap*.

As they say in publishing, watch this space and your back.

'Bookworm'



## Police

### So, Farewell Then, James Anderton



**T**HE LONG-AWAITED retirement of God's cop, Greater Manchester chief constable Sir James Anderton, has been marked by the same controversy that has dogged his 15-year totalitarian reign.

As he quit, the Bible-bashing, neophyte-Catholic brazenly claimed: "The (Greater Manchester) force is in good shape. It has a clear, defined strategy for the next 10 years."

Nothing could be further from the truth — unless of course Anderton's strategy is to keep his force at the bottom of the league for clearing up crime.

Manchester's top cop appears to be getting out before he sinks too deeply into a cesspit of his own making, to quote the man himself. Despite his shallow claims that the GMP force never has enough money to tackle crime efficiently, Manchester's crime-ridden poll tax defaulters have been stung for a few million pounds in wasted police funds thanks to his misjudgment and vindictiveness over two major police cases.

First is the sorry tale of Kevin Taylor, the fallen local businessman-turned-successful author who is suing GMP for damages following the collapse of the police case against him. Would-be Tory councillor Taylor was, of course, best pal of Anderton's renowned former deputy chief constable, John Stalker. When Stalker was cleared of disciplinary charges by the Greater Manchester police authority in 1986, Anderton pressed on with the inquiry into Taylor's business deals.

Not only did the Taylor case show all the

hallmarks of a stitch-up, but it was executed with monumental incompetence. Four years later Taylor was cleared in court of fraud, but the botched prosecution case cost Manchester residents a cool million pounds while Knacker admitted to burning and shredding documents vital to the case as well as lying to the judge.

Then there is the still unresolved saga of Ged Corley, now entering its third year with fresh tales of sinister machinations by GMP officers still emerging. The Corley case, however, is even more worrying for the future of Manchester policing.

Last year, former GMP constable Corley was cleared from a 17 year sentence for providing crooks with weapons after it was revealed that local villains had been framing GMP coppers.

The case has already cost Manchester some of its finest detectives, who have left the force after being caught up in the labyrinthine investigations into the allegations currently the subject of an inquiry by West Yorkshire police. Meanwhile, Corley is suing GMP for false imprisonment, malicious prosecution and negligence in a £250,000 suit.

Ironically, Anderton's only excuse would be to claim that he has had little involvement with the day-to-day running of the force following the arrival of his tough, no-nonsense deputy David Wilmott.

For the last four years, Anderton has been merely a figure-head, patronised and humoured by the new hierarchy surrounding Wilmott, but with little direct responsibility over his force's actions and only allowed out of GMP's Chester House headquarters to thunder the odd evangelical rant at perverts and other "immoralists".

So what next for the much-maligned retiring chief constable? Already the great and good are poring over a CV which presumably lists under beliefs and interests: "I could be the re-incarnation of Oliver Cromwell"; "God may be using me as a prophet" and "I would have people flogged until they begged for mercy". In fact Anderton is now believed to be considering a political career.

## ...and Brum goings-on

**W**EST MIDLANDS chief constable Ron Hadfield's men are still up to their old tricks of forging or forcing false confessions from the innocent.

The latest in a long tradition which stretches from the Birmingham Six to the victims of the disbanded serious crimes squad (SCS) is an educationally subnormal 31-year-old, Mr Paul Ryland.

He was imprisoned in early January awaiting trial for the murder of Rosemary Kelly, aged 38, and her daughter Claire Murphy, aged five, at Bartley Green in Birmingham. The evidence was a confession said by detectives to have been made during a car journey after his arrest.

Now forensic evidence has shown conclusively that Mr Ryland could not have been responsible. He has been quietly released and another man arrested. Police observers have noted a big increase in the number of "car confessions" following the enforced introduction of tape recorded interviews during interrogation at police stations.

Meanwhile discredited officers from the SCS, delighted with the success of recent smears against Labour MP Clare Short, are trying to repeat the exercise. Their latest victim is troublesome police authority member and Birmingham councillor, Dr Lynne Jones. Her parliamentary candidacy in Selly Oak means she could soon join Short in the Commons.

It was Short who exposed the serious crimes squad in Parliament for forging confessions — and ended up being smeared by the *News of the World* with information from SCS sources. Now information is being discreetly gathered on Jones — including approaches to local newspaper cuttings libraries.

Jones, though, is cleaner than clean — she has a steady job, a stable marriage and a long record of moderate left policies. But pictures of her in a nightie could suddenly have an unexpectedly high value...

## Oil rigs

### Sea sore



**N**ORMAN LAMONT remembered the Government's rich oil company friends in his budget last week when he announced measures to ensure that they do not have to spend a penny on clearing up the thousands of tons of steel platforms they have left littering the North Sea.

In a little-noticed passage, he said that "a new, broader definition of allowable abandonment expenditure" was to be introduced. In English that means the taxpayer will have to pay between £4,000 and £6,000 million to do the job for the oil barons.

In the past the theory has always been that the polluters should pay. This meant oil companies had to collect their detritus and take it away with them. John Major reversed this last year when as chancellor he said the cost of clearing old oil platforms would "attract a 100 per cent corporation tax allowance" instead of the normal 25 percent. They would also be able to set it against the petroleum revenue tax they had paid over the previous three years.

But ever since the oil companies have been agitating for even more concessions. One problem was that groups of oil companies were responsible for one another's debts — "jointly and severally", as the lawyers put it. So if one company defaulted — that is to say, collected the revenue from the last drop of oil and then scarpered — the others would have to pay its share.

Oil companies have thus been entering into insurance arrangements with banks. But the new chancellor felt it would be unkind to expect them even to pay the costs of such a guarantee. So the Treasury will now pay what is in effect the insurance premium against swindlers.

Another nice touch is the three-year rule. Platforms are abandoned when oilfields are running dry and in their final year their income is likely to be small. So thoughtful Major/Lamont have allowed the tax relief to be spread over three years' income.

One interesting point is whether this gift to the oil companies is worth £6,000 million or £4,000 million.

The higher figure was given in 1987 by the then oil minister Peter Morrison; but by March 1990 he was putting the cost of clearing up the North Sea at only £4,000 million. The difference depends on whether the giant steel and concrete platforms are cleared away completely — or merely chopped off at the knees and left to litter the seabed, scag fishing nets and provide obstacles for submarines to crash into.

## Building

### Master crafty-men?



**I**F YOU are looking to employ a builder and trying to sift the craftsmen from the cowboys, the distinctive and reassuring logo of the Guild of Master Craftsmen no doubt carries a lot of clout.

With 30,000 members, mostly small self-employed builders, and a patron as mighty as Margaret Thatcher, the guild sounds like an impressive organisation ranking in prestige alongside the traditional City craft guilds in the the public imagination.

But just how strictly does the guild recruit its hard-working, horny-handed sons of toil?

The guild is in fact a public company, limited by guarantees, and it costs craftsmen £200 to join. Prospective members are required to give three references and are told that their work may be inspected. In fact it hardly ever is.

New members are solicited through cold calls from an advertising agency called A.C. Associates in Rayners Lane, west London, which rakes off some 95 percent of the first year's subscription and divides it between agents and salesmen.

In a form issued by A.C. Associates, salesmen disguise themselves as regional managers for the guild and invite the craftsmen to join. No mention is made of the agency or that it is a cold call.

A.C. Associates has recently been taken over by Marcus Stevens Associates Ltd, and the same hard sell continues. No doubt many excellent craftsmen are recruited in this way, but the public should be aware that membership is perhaps not quite as exclusive as it appears and that a sizeable majority of guild craftsmen have never had their work inspected.

## Nuclear power

### Sizewell in hot water



**E**NGINEERS trying to finish Sizewell B nuclear power station on target by spring 1994 are hoping to use a French computer control system which the French have discarded because it's too difficult to make.

Sizewell B, the most expensive machine ever invented by mad scientists to heat up water, is Britain's only pressurised water reactor and was to have cost £1.2 billion. The figure is now well above £2.3 billion, at 1987 prices, and rising. The nuclear industry recognises it is a last chance reactor: either it works, well and to time, or there is no hope of any government even trying to prolong nuclear power. And with our own nuclear industry in decline it could only be done, if at all, by buying turnkey plants or assembly kits from other countries, such as France.

There, Electricité de France has decided not to go ahead with the control system, known as Controbloc P20, for its latest PWR being built at Chooz on the Belgian frontier. The change of plan means a two-year delay in commissioning the French station and makes Sizewell the first plant to use it.

Nuclear Electric points out that the French were to have used it for reactor safety as well as control; in Britain it is to be used only for control and so replacing it will be easier. The manufacturer, Cegelec, says urbanely that it is confident it will be able to supply Sizewell on time.

Nuclear Electric, which is building Sizewell with government help, says it is eight months ahead of schedule and no decision about computer software needs to be made yet. The company has made emergency provision for the station to be tested using temporary equipment, according to *Nuclear Engineering International*. This suggests the situation is much more worrying than officially admitted.



## In the City

**T**HE HOUSE of Fraser public war of words at the Lonrho shareholders' annual meeting may be over, but the private undercover war goes on. Or so it seems, if a remarkable and unlikely rumour turns out to be fact.

The word is that the Lonrho computer system has been successfully penetrated as a result of sophisticated and, despite recently enacted legislation, apparently legal electronic surveillance and interception.

Not only that, but the fruits of these electronic labours have been offered to — and politely refused by — Scotland Yard.

Just who carried out this alleged coup is not quite clear, but it is suggested that the electronic experts concerned are not entirely unknown to Network Security Management, the high-profile private investigators majority controlled by blue-blooded City bankers Hambros.

Network, lest one forgets, has a long history of acting for the Fayed brothers — such as when "setting up" a former member of the fraud squad that investigated the Fayed.

Network employee Tim Hutchings secretly taped two conversations with his former fraud squad colleague Det Sgt Kenneth Morgan in which Morgan made a number of somewhat injudicious comments regarding the leaking of the Department of Trade & Industry inspectors' report to Lonrho chief executive "Tiny" Rowland.

Those tapes were also offered to Scotland Yard. Its Criminal Investigation Branch has been investigating that leak and recently passed a report to the Director of Public Prosecutions. In that instance the information was accepted but ultimately no action was taken over the content of the tapes.

This public service did not entirely enamour Network to Morgan's fellow officers. Still, clearly seeing where its public duty lay, if the story is to be believed, Network inquired whether the fraud squad would be interested in sharing in the information being collected from the Lonrho computers. The offer, however, was declined after a high level meeting.

Not for any reason of illegality, it must be said, as it would appear that accessing computer traffic from a detector van on public property outside an office is not a crime, unlike "hacking" into the same private computer. The only issue could be if the information obtained was used against its owners or their interests. That would seem to be a greyer area. But of course it could help if the information so obtained was being provided to the appropriate authorities.

That, naturally, presupposes that such activities have been or are taking place and are known to Network and Scotland Yard. But there is absolutely no evidence to suggest that this is more than uncorroborated rumour. After all, Network, with backers like Hambros, is not the type of company to engage in any activity which is not entirely legal and above criticism. Which is a lot more than can be said for its clients.

**E**LSEWHERE in the Lonrho forest there continue to be signs of movement in and around the person of chairman Sir Edward Du Cann, regarding his involvement with the collapsed Homes Assured financial services group.

The Serious Fraud Office (SFO) is said to be waiting on a final counsel's opinion before deciding which directors and executives are to be charged and with what. It is thought that this decision could come down as soon as next month.

**U**NNOTICED, an interesting new name has joined the denizens of the Temple of Mammon, psychiatrist and health company entrepreneur extraordinaire Dr Michael Sinclair.

Sinclair and his long-time partner Michael Rosenberg, once of bankers Samuel Montagu and still a business associate of David Frost, are directors of stockbrokers Raphael Zorn Hemsley. This firm was created less than two years ago to take over the old established Raphael Zorn.

Sinclair is best remembered for his role at Allied Investments, the health care company which promised great things on the back of hospital contracts in the Gulf and ended up being rescued by the Labour government's National Enterprise Board. Sinclair was a prominent Labour supporter and associate of former Labour minister Lord Marsh of Turncoat who became Allied chairman. Some embarrassment was caused for the NEB when the *Eye* disclosed that a flagship contract in Saudi Arabia had been acquired with the aid of a £3 million "commission" to two local agents.

In more recent times Sinclair has been active in the health care field through a US company Lifetime Corporation and the Hospital Capital Corporation here. A major shareholder in Lifetime, before he busted out, was none other than Terry Ramsden, whose life and times at Glen International continue to be the subject of interest to the SFO.

Just how much of Raphael Zorn Hemsley is held by Sinclair is alas not clear. For although it was registered back in October 1989, its parent company has yet to file any return of shareholders or accounts. Also yet to be filed are the accounts for RZH itself. Perhaps this is something the Stock Exchange might consider worthy of attention.

**S**URPRISE, surprise. Already problems have started to appear which could jeopardise the payment promised by Polly Peck chairman Asil Nadir to his personal creditors, owed a sum not unadjacent to £55 million minimum.

A dispute has developed in Turkey over just who bought and now owns his shares in Impexbank, which Nadir sold in December for a suggested \$25-27 million (£14-15 million). The proceeds from that sale are to go to brokers Barclays De Zoete Wedd, Shearson Lehman and Carr Kitcat & Aitken.

According to reports in Turkey, Nadir initially sold control of Impexbank to the banking brothers Karamehmet. They, however, reportedly did not pay cash but bonds which would be redeemed at a later date. These bonds formed part of the settlement with BZW and its two fellow victims of Nadir's disastrous £42 million bid to support the Polly Peck share price.

But it is said the Karamehmets did not make the payments and so Nadir decided to sell the Impexbank shares again — this time to a former banker named Kemal Derinkok.

Just who now owns Impexbank and who is going to help repay Nadir's creditors, who took a reputed £1.5 million in cash and the rest in hope (that his private assets will realise the balance), remains to be seen.

**A** FINANCIAL health warning. Back on the City scene is Mark Watson-Mitchell, well if not kindly remembered for his activities in the "quick or the dead" sphere of tipping small supposed "hot" stocks on the Unlisted and Over The Counter markets. Watson-Mitchell has returned with City Financial Reports which promises "premium telephone services aimed at named professional investors".

Five years ago Watson-Mitchell's company USM/163, which published magazine and newsletter tip sheets, was compulsorily wound up with the ringing citation from Mr Justice Hoffman that: "There is prima facie evidence that suggests Mr Watson-Mitchell may have made unauthorised use of the company's money for his own purposes".

USM/163 was wound-up "in the public interest" on the application of the Department of Trade & Industry. About £270,000 had been raised from the public. What had happened to that money could not be explained fully from the company's books. It had traded at a loss since it was formed in 1981 and was insolvent with the Inland Revenue owed £70,000. There was evidence, said the judge, that members of the public might have been given misleading information.

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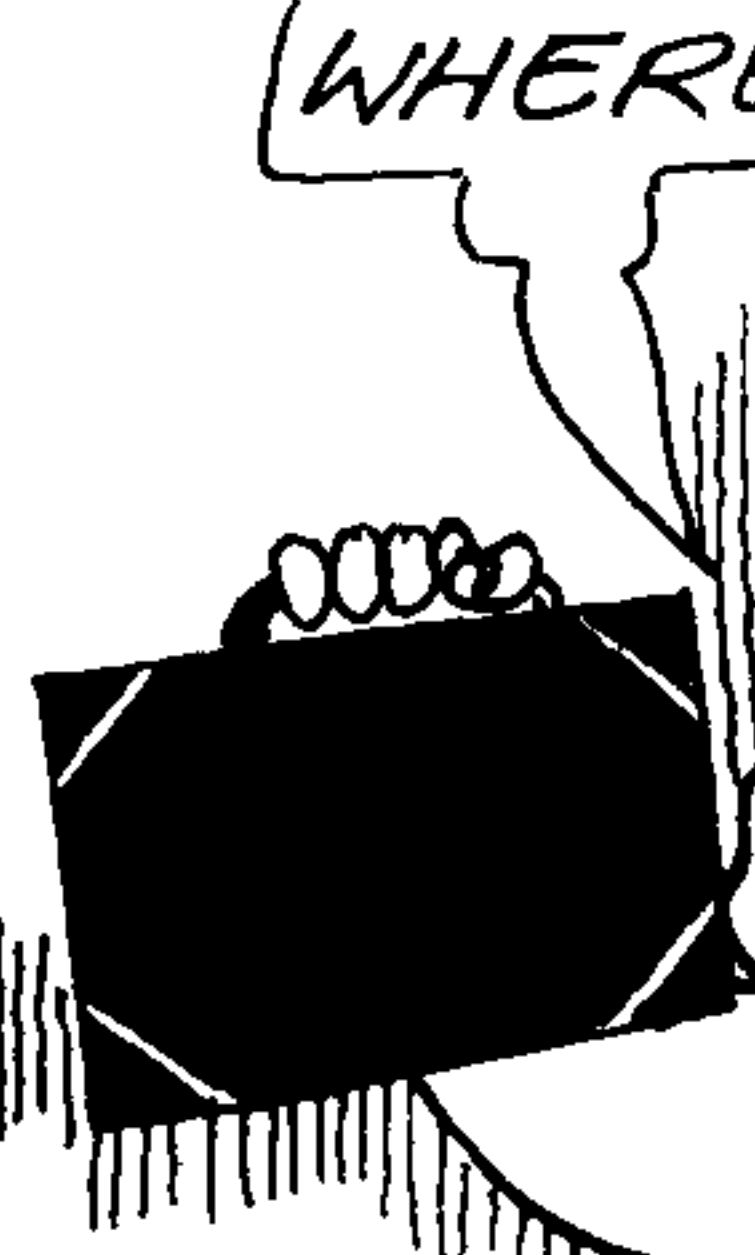


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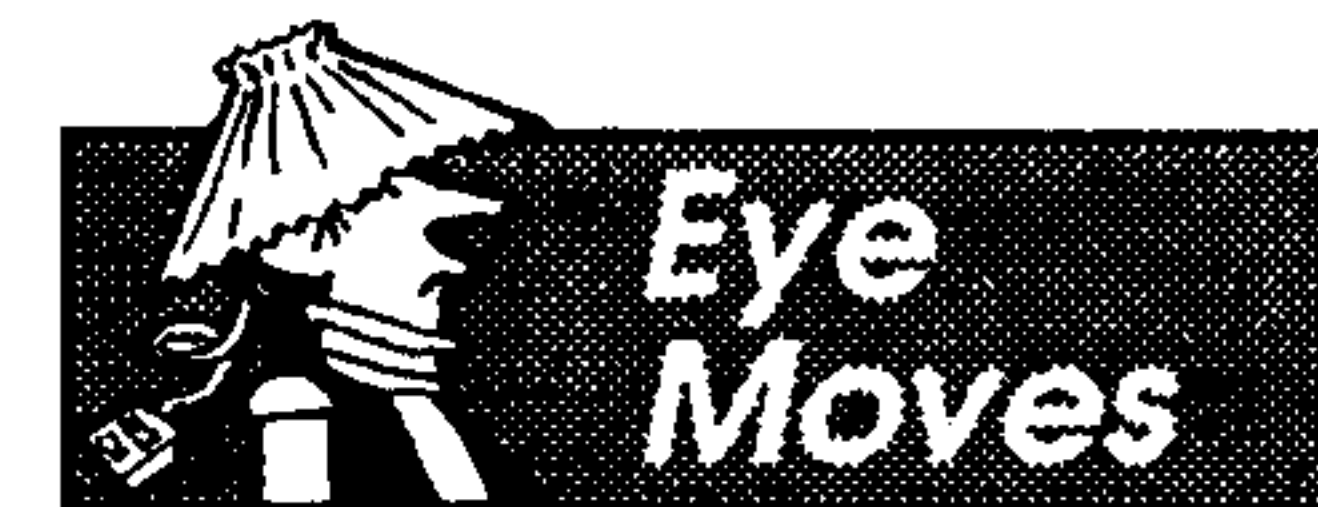
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**COMMUNITY. SIX** adults, three children, twelve animals. Homelessness imminent. Miracle or cash needed. Box 5064.

**IMPOVERISHED YOUNG** punk seeks patron for tattoos, leathers, boots. Everyone considered. Box 5264.

**GETTING BETTER** from alcoholism — a day at a time — son recovering from leukaemia, mum desperate to keep home together. Please help with donation. Box 5364.

**SELF-SUFFICIENCY.** Young family making serious attempt at radical change of lifestyle. Advice and finance needed. Box 5464.

**DESPERATE TO** get home! Family problems/debts. Any donations gratefully received. Box 5564.

**MALE ARTIST/DOCTORATE** philosophy student needs £1,000. Selling 20 drawings or anything considered. Please reply! Box 5664.

**REVELATIONS HAVE** faith, losing hope, in need of charity. Donations from caring capitalists welcome. Leave payee blank. THOR. Box 5764.

**YOUNG MAN REQUIRES** flippen great wedges of cash to rebuild his life, the universe, and everything. Donations no matter how huge to Box 5864.

**HELP! I URGENTLY** need £3,000 for interesting, exciting project. Donations or investment enquiries please. Box 5964.

**ROMANTIC GULF** warrior needs £5,000 to provide perfect wedding for patient fiancé. Please help. Box 6164.

**DEPT RIDDEN DIVORCEE** requires £10,000 to start again and keep children happy. Any donations greatly appreciated. Box 6764.

**MEDICAL STUDENT** desperately needs funds. Anything considered. Box 6264.

**MOTHER WITH 3 children** needs money to escape violent husband. Please help. Genuine. Box 6364.

**FEBRUARY 1986:** young man starts modern manufacturing company. Success story halted by Gulf led recession. Order book now recovered but 20K needed to preserve eight jobs and pay their mortgages. Box 6464.

**MANSIONS REPAINTED**, children cared for, suggestions, two students (22) seeking summer employment. Box 6664.

**MALE NEEDS BIG** money quickly. Will consider anything. Box 6864.

**UNFINANCED DRAMA** student urgently needs finance for final term fees and expenses. Box 6964.

**YOUNG COMPOSER**, Cambridge graduate, needs £3,500 to escape vicious circle. Will work. Box 7064.

**PLEASE HELP** £400 needed to make beautiful costumes for my degree. Box 7164.

**£130,000 NEEDED** to save historic house updates in return for gifts. Thanks. Box 7264.

**DESPERATE STUDENT** needs £500 to continue studies. Box 7664.

**PLEASE HELP ME.** Urgently need £15,000. Genuine, desperate plea. Box 7764.

**£5,000 NEEDED.** Please help. Box 7964.

**ARTISTIC BUTTERFLY** beating closed window. Needs benevolent hand to open. Financial spiders web awaiting exhaustion. Box 8064.

**MALE (31) NEEDS** £15,000 to buy small croft. Gifts/donations gratefully received and acknowledged. Box 8164.

**AFTER YEARS OF** helping others mum of 3 needs help herself. All valuable belongings sold and remaining jewellery stolen. Please help. Box 8464.

**YOUNG FAIRLY WILD** artist/musician seeks a friend to finance early career. Box 8564.

**UNFUNDED SOCIAL WORK** student desperately needs £2,000 to clear debt. Will acknowledge. Box 8664.

**YOUNG NURSE** sickened by political climate. Donations required to flee country and save my sanity. Box 8864.

**BUSINESS DEBTS £15,000** help urgently needed. All donations gratefully received. Box 8964.

**FUNDS NEEDED** by lad with broken heart and itchy feet. Please. Box 9064.

**POOR HARDWORKING** couple would love honeymoon following wedding 4-5-91. Donations gratefully acknowledged with postcard. Box 9164.

**STUDENT OWES £2,000.** Too worried to prepare for exams. Please help. Box 9264.

**POOR MEDICAL STUDENT** needs cash. £6,000 debts. Please help. Box 9364.

**PENILESS PARAGLIDER** seeks sponsorship. Alex Ruggier. Box 9564.

**CANCER SUFFERER DREAM:** university nightmare debts. Donations. Appreciation details available. Genuine. Box 9664.

**REDUNDANT AND BROKE.** Please help. Cheques payable to A. Oliver. Thanks. Box 9764.

**DEPRESSED YOUNG** couple, broke, desperately need donations to start own business. Box 9864.

**HELP! YOUNG** artist has hit hard times. £4,000 urgently needed. Please help. Box 9964.

**PLEASE HELP** unfinanced music student replace uninsured instruments. Anything considered. Genuine. Box 10064.

**£3,300 FOR SKINT** marine biology student. Anything considered. Box 10164.

**MISUNDERSTOOD MORRIS** man and environmental executive needs £2,000 urgently to continue leading a merry dance. Huge wedding bill to settle to maintain credibility, job, suit and friends. Box 10264.

**NURSE URGENTLY** needs £7,090.75. Box 10364.

**MODERN MOZART** needs £1,600 to buy M1 keyboard. Totally genuine. Please help. Box 10464.

**SINGLE MOTHER** desperately needs £22,000 to fulfil daughter's ambition to study medicine. Without your help it will be impossible. Genuine plea, your kindness will be appreciated. Will keep in touch, giving all the circumstances. Box 10664.

**ARTIST IN GENUINE** need of financial backing. Please enquire to view my work. Box 8064.

**DESPERATE LADY** needs £14,000 urgently to save her home. Please help. Box 10764.

**DESPERATELY OVERDRAWN** lady analyses dreams/nightmares. £20 each. Box 10864.

**£500! TWO** intelligent, enthusiastic students. Desperate. Box 11264.

**DESPERATE HI-FI** addict needs money for speakers. Box 10964.



**DO YOU HAVE** £30,000 to invest! Private borrower with secure growing income needs cash to finance indulgent lifestyle. I will repay £100 a week for ten years. Let's make a legal binding contract. Box 3664.

**£10,000 WANTED** for five years at 50% interest per annum. Interest of £5,000 per year paid monthly by standing order, £25,000 interest paid over five years. Write for details. Box 15963.

**DON'T SURRENDER** your endowment policy without getting a quote from us first. Ring for best offer: 081-458 5475.

**ARE YOU AN** eccentric millionaire, mad about boats, and looking for an interesting new project? We need to demonstrate our revolutionary new windsail on a large yacht in Med and Caribbean. Aimed at megayacht sector, big potential profits. Fax to COMSAIL Co. 0590 672720 or Tel: 674654 (24 hrs).



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**CASTAWAY?!** Biologist/explorer (40s) seeks "wife" for year on tropical sailboat. Box 11864.

**VICTORIA FALLS special!!!** At a never to be repeated price of £270. 5 week overland expedition via Kenya, Tanzania, Malawi, Zambia, Zimbabwe plus return to Kenya. Departs May 9th. Phone 0633 853289 for details. Leave phone number on answerphone for immediate details. AFRICA EXPLORED.

**SAVE UP TO 50%** on holidays in UK/Eire. Send SAE for details. Box 11964.

**DON'T FLY AWAY** — Drive away! Seaside Learn to Drive Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

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**FRANCE IN AUGUST?** Woman artist mid-forties seeks sympathetic male co-driver, share expenses. Box 2364.

**ASIA, AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA** overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hrs).

**USA SUMMER JOBS:** ranches, resorts etc. Directory listing 75,000 jobs in WH Smith etc or £8.95 from VAC Work, 9 Park End Street, Oxford.

**ESCAPE TO FRANCE** with a male kissagram. Box 3764.

**SINGLE PARENT** with teenage child(ren)? fancy holidaying in Italy 22/6-6/7? Suggestions welcome. Box 3864.

**ST IVES B&B.** 30 seconds from beach. Excellent accommodation and food. 0736 795745.

**RELAXING** Archaeological Tours. Brochure from FRESCO, Dept P, 12-14 Hall Square, Denbigh, Clwyd LL16 3NU. Tel: (0745) 816268 (24 hrs).

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**COTSWOLD GLIDING CLUB.** Five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and tuition £200. Accommodation lists supplied. Beginners very welcome. 0242 231031 for brochure.

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**CLIFFTOP** Edwardian house — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Roseland peninsula. Sleeps 8-plus. Some summer dates still available — phone 042 482 404.

**MEDITERRANEAN** historic Agde. Apartment sleeps 4/6, undiscovered hinterland. Sandy clean beaches 10 minutes. Phone 0424 76233 or France 67 98 3099.

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**GNOME 'N' AWAY.** Don't let your troubles engulf you. Phone HIGH RIDINGS TRAVEL, 0924 471177 for the best airfares worldwide.

**FLIGHT OPTIONS** — 0432 851062.

**PRAGUE** — flights/holidays 071-379 6411.



**MARGARET'S PEN CLUB** — make new friends today. Age groups 16-76. All areas. S.A.E. details. P.O. Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire, KA9 1RJ.

**34 YEAR OLD** Dorothy on the road to Oz seeks travel companion. Photo appreciated. Midlands. Box 11064.

**AN INTELLIGENT ADVENTURE!** Pen-friends in 152 countries. 350,000+ members. Free Information Packet: IPF, Box 41044, Bethesda, MD 20852, USA.

**SAMARITAN?** Yet no call for intellectual dwarf. Why not drop a line to Intrigued of Ashford. Box 11164.

**MOSCOW CONNECTION.** 400 cultured Russian females, including students, doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, teachers, musicians, etc, seek happiness with marriage minded gentlemen. 081-505 4095 (office hours).

**24 YEAR OLD** female picture researcher looking for friends and work in Sydney/Melbourne. Travelling date not fixed. Box 12064.

**VALENTINE** tele-dating. Just listen on 0898 228722. Calls cost 33p min cheap, 44p other times.

**PENFRIENDS — USA.** Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

**THE SUCCESSFUL WAY** for professional people to meet is through THE PICTURE DATING AGENCY, the caring/confidential service. Be sent lists of compatible partners with their photos. For details call 081-297 1424 (anytime).

**ASIAN INTRODUCTIONS.** Tel: 0533 610266.

**PERSON TO PERSON** — Britain's brightest singles magazine. Free details (PE/2) PO Box 4, Goring RG8 9DN.

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**ODYSSEUS**, fit 45, seeks enchantment with a sensuous Circe who can lure and lull as Penelope can't. Leeds/York. Box 20964.

**RICH, MARRIED** businessman requires bimbo for expensive holidays and sex? Not quite. Actually, alternative Midlands bloke (late 20s) seeks interesting woman to be interesting with. Box 2764.

**GREEN MAN** (40) seeks hippy chick (30-40) with compass and wellies. N.W. Scotland. Box 2864.

**GOOD-NATURED** Scotswoman, 39, disregards Casanova, Romeo et al in favour of amiable slob who can cope with life's rubbish (Fife). Box 21164.

**SHE'S OUT THERE** somewhere — an absolute cracker, who's independent, tall, funny and knows how to take the mickey. This mid-thirties solvent City Man, divorced, goodlooker (they say), smoker, is looking for a special reason to stop working long hours. Tell me about yourself. Photo/phone please. London. Box 21264.

**REDUNDANT SINGLE** mum, frantic life teaching, seeking lazy companionship with 50ish, bookish, country-ish. Radio 4-ish, n/s man. Kent/Surrey/Sussex. Box 21364.

**SUCCESSFUL ASIAN LADY**, 41, very nice, sincere professional, wishes to meet successful genuine loyal male. Box 10363.

**BRIGHTON CHAP** (23) seeks lady of similar age with fageyish tendencies for bike rides, afternoon teas, etc. Box 10463.

**SOFT SPOKEN** Irishman with a glint in his eye, is generous, loving, educated, professional, cultured, well travelling/travelled and very pleasing to the lady's eye wants to spend his next 40 years in bliss adoring and pleasing a beautiful, green eyed lady. Genuine. No ugly people need apply. Thames valley. Write with phone no. Box 12662.

**GENTLEMAN** aged 37 with good looks and a successful career seeking very attractive lady with a gentle laid-back domesticated nature to enjoy good times in an honest, loyal, one-to-one relationship. Photo and phone number please Box 6062.

**GENT, 40**, successful and single, seeks pretty young lady who wishes to be spoilt, for fun and romance, North West. Box 5263.

**MALE, 27**, caring, well-educated, likes travel, theatre, cinema, sports. Seeks lively, active female 23-29, London area. Box 9563.

**JEWISH, HIGHLY-SEXED** sensuous male, 45, seeks similar female for fun and entertainment (NW London/Middlesex). Box 9763.

**ALTERNATIVE MEDICAL** student wants to explore Indian female anatomy! Box 9863.

**NON-SMOKING, SOLVENT**, widower 61. Interests classical music, boating, skiing, domestic pets. Seeks uninhibited female, 45-55, for fun, possible long-term relationship. Devon maybe London exchange. Photo and CV. Box 9963.

**A REAL GENTLEMAN NEEDED!** Are there any? 50+, single and over 6'2", for 6' career lady who is very presentable (in a bigish way!) He must like dogs, children and fun! I do! Box 10063.

**TALL, BLONDE**, divorcee, 30s, financially solvent but emotionally deprived, needs a good unmarried man. Cheshire. Box 10163.

**WOMAN, CARING, SINGLE**, attractive, warm-hearted, sense of humour, love of life, seeks male for company. Bristol based. Photo please. Box 10263.

**GENEROUS TYPE** (54) seeks younger woman for mutually satisfying meetings, day or evening. Your status immaterial. Complete discretion assured. Hants/Surrey border, will travel. Box 10563.

**FEMALE EDITOR**, 34, attractive, slim, witty, independent, wants unattached male, funny, talkative, professional and solvent. Please write with recent photo. Box 10663.

**SEMI-FERAL** passionate recently uncaged female with cubs seeks male counterpart 40(s) for fun pair-bonding. Box 20864.

**STUNNING, TALL**, very upmarket educated, amusing, affluent, Canadian male, 40s, in need of a very discreet, caring, term affair with tallish, bright, educated, very attractive female. London. Box 10863.

**ATTRACTIVE, BLONDE**, female, seeks tall humorous unattached male for all the usual reasons. 48/58ish. Essex-ish. Box 10963.

**LOVELY LADY** usually confined to keep seeks undercover knight for occasional forays. Must be bold, intelligent, discreet, tall, 40/50ish. Essex/SE. Box 11063.

**MANCHESHIRE** — tall, slim, "gorgeous", professional, graduate male, 35, seeks younger, shorter, similar woman for physical, intellectual fun and babies. Box 11163.

**SLIM, ATTRACTIVE**, intelligent lady who enjoys country life seeks likewise tall professional N/S male, 45-60, to share laughter, cuddles and dreams. Photo appreciated. Box 11263.

**TALL, SINGLE, SOLVENT** Polymath (39) seeks caring woman for friendship, theatre, outings. North-East. No Thatcherites. Box 11363.

**HELP! CARING** man wanted, any status, to relieve 23 year old of her virginity. Short or long relationship. Write, please, with qualifications to teach lessons in love and photo if possible. London/SE. Box 11463.

**CARING, AFFECTIONATE MALE**, 30, seeks ideologically sound (left-wing) female, 21-35, for friendship/romance. Photo. Birmingham area. Box 11563.

**EVIDENTLY ATTRACTIVE**, successful, single gent, 30, working and living in central London seeks lively lady for fun in February, midnight feasts in March, etc. Your age is less important than your vibrant and hedonistic approach to living! Box 11663.

**INEXPERIENCED** London student, 22, seeks female for physical pleasure! Photo please. Box 11763.

**PARIS LUNCH** for best letter received from very attractive educated 25-40 lady (married/single). Discretion assured & required by similar male. Box 12661.

**ATTRACTIVE**, divorced feminist historian (32) seeks tall good-looking intelligent and politically aware male for a relaxed loving relationship. Non-smoker. Photo and phone no. please. W. Sussex. Box 20164.

**MALE, 35**, healthy, attractive, likes golf, swimming, reading, clubs. Seeks female friendship. Photo please. Box 20264.

**SOUL-LOVING** white guy, 29, seeks dark lady for fun, friendship and romance. Photo appreciated. Hampshire/Surrey area. Box 20364.

**WEALTHY DIRECTOR**, 49, on company expense account, seeks smart well-spoken female 25/40 to share overnight hotel stays once-weekly. Attractive salary. Photo required. Discretion offered/given. Within/south of M25. Prefer non-smoker. Box 20464.

**ADVENTUROUS ACADEMIC** (female) seeks company of mature medic (or other male professional). Northants area. Box 20564.

**MALE**, professional, 50s, seeks non-smoking female to share mutually satisfying weekday meetings. London/SE. Box 20664.

**LAWRENCE** not yet in Arabia seeks passionate raunchy amusing equestrian female (25-32) as aeroplane navigator and inspiration. Non-smoker preferred. Photo appreciated. Box 20764.

**HANDSOME BEAST**, 45, fit, OE; Oxon: lusty enthusiast but blessed with unexciting wife, seeks raven-haired beauty for EM affair. Leeds/York. Box 21064.

**NEAR PERFECT MAN**, 27, requires fit for life female (London). Box 10763.

**To cope with the backlog we're pleased to be able to give you an extra page of Private Eye smalls this issue!**

**TERRIFIED** but attractive male, 26, 6ft, desperately seeks warm female company. Write for photo! South. Box 21564.

**UNATTACHED MAN**, 32, with busy life but often free weekends, seeks similar affectionate woman for a caring relationship, and to get together on those free weekends to go to luxurious destinations. Box 21664.

**ACTIVE ATTRACTIVE** Aquarian female seeks loveable humorous male (40+) for love laughter and mutual appreciation. Photo, phone please. Box 21764.

**ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL** woman, late twenties, seeks amusing company for visits to theatre, cinema, Indian restaurants etc. W. Midlands. Box 21864.

**QUIRKY**, attractive, vivacious, kind n/s lady (preferably blonde or black!) sought to entrance and entwine and permeate subconscious of good-looking, happy, professional, unattached man, 33. London/Surrey area. Box 21964.

**NAUGHTY BUT NICE?** Pretty female, 32, with many interests, a wicked sense of humour and loads of affection to give, seeks similar male for lasting, totally indiscreet relationship. Photo appreciated. North West. Box 22064.

**FEMALE (VERY)**, 40s, slim, attractive, in business, hoping to find that rare animal who is stylish, intelligent, humorous, kind and free. South East. Interesting letters please. Box 22164.

**ROMANTIC ATTRACTIVE** man, successful businessman living in NW London, seeks pretty slim romantic lady 23-35, 5ft-5ft 7in, perhaps with South European, Japanese or Chinese looks for a meaningful relationship. Photo please. ALA. Box 21464.

**PUT SPARKLE** back into my life and I will return more. Intelligent, affectionate, humorous 30-year-old co. MD, single but semi-tied, seeks enlivening relationship anywhere in UK. Discreet if need be. All replies acknowledged. Photo appreciated and returned. Box 22264.

**ABANDONED** 30s limousine seeks new 40s lady owner. Own garage, good bodywork, excellent engine. Needs devotion, very reliable. Box 22364.

**SUCCESSFUL** depressive (36) requires similar female for mutual therapy. Box 22464.

**HAPPY SLIM** 40s prof. male seeks loveable lady 25-35 for friendship, outings, fun etc. East Midlands. Box 22564.

**INTELLIGENT**, attractive, passionately musical London lady (prof., 29, 5ft 6in) seeks spirited supportive man (tall, n/s, 28-40) to enliven her weekends. Interests include concerts, tennis, European travels and civilised parties. Box 22664.

**BEAUTIFUL TEMPTRESS**, 30s, sought by single amusing modest male, 40s, S. Surrey/Hampshire, for hanky-panky. Box 22764.

**WHAT USES** could an ex-estate agent possibly have? Offers/suggestions please. Box 22864.

**TALL LITERATE** gentleman, 38, seeks unshort pretty girl for fun in '91. Sense of humour vital. Suffolk and all points west. Box 22964.

**AVIATION EXECUTIVE** (45) seeks high-flying liaison with younger lady who is fun to be with. Box 23064.

**FUNNY AMUSING** but goodlooking successful artist 40 seeks serious relationship with intelligent and very attractive female. Phone, photo to me please. Box 23164.

**GOODLOOKING WIDOWER**, 6ft and 60. Very well educated, successful and widely travelled. Kind and generous. Experienced. Yet feels lonely and misses laughter and love at his side. Lives in country house and regularly visits London. Seeks outstandingly lovely and perfectly groomed, kind and intelligent feminine lady, chic of figure and dress (before an allowance). Someone very special and loving with whom it would be fun to share life at home or travel in comfort. Box 23264.

**KENT. SLIM** attractive single mother, 26, vivacious, affectionate, seeks kind romantic sensuous man with a love of children and fun. Photo appreciated. Box 23464.

**ARE THERE** any single women left? Highly intelligent, adequate looking, very fit 37 with unextravagant trans-channel lifestyle. Loves sex, Amsterdam in summer, Venice, children. Not afraid of intimacy or commitment. Seeking true generous spirit. Box 23564.

**DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDREL**, 30ish, army officer, said to be charming, loveable (remaining married to obese, unmotivated nice person) seeks romance of the century with confident, svelte to ample (but not corpulent) sexy, chic, 16-60ish well heeled lady willing to invest in some serious fun. Photograph yes please. Box 0164.

**LAWYER**, 23, athletic, Bergerac look-alike (on good days!) seeks professional female based in London/Wales. Box 0264.

**MUST GET IT** out of my system. Gentleman, 40, tall, slim, groomed, articulate, humorous, divorced needs feminine lady playmate who could countenance-as-similate hankering to cross dress. M4/M5 Environs. Box 0364.

**ADVENTUROUS MALE**, 38, Tom Jones lookalikeish, seeks amorous woman for sensuous relationship. Box 1464.

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enquiries 0223-833343)**MUCH TRAVELLED** male graduate, 30, interests classical music, theatre, fell-walking, keep-fit, seeks younger, occasionally naughty, female graduate for friendship, adventure, whatever, south-east. Box 23364.**LONDON BASED**, slim, single, personable, successful, discreet male, in early 50s, seeks one younger, broad-minded, elegant, educated female enchantress for long term relationship. Box 0564.**KIND, HUMOROUS**, successful young 35 year old divorced male, would like to meet lady in 20s. Interests: tennis, skiing, scuba and outdoors. Friendship, love and possible family life. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box 0664.**MARRIED MAN**, 40s, good company, presentable, all social graces, discreet, trapped in lifeless marriage would like to meet tied or free lady for relaxed, mutually satisfactory relationship. Home Counties/anywhere. Box 0764.**HANDSOME MALE**, 27, seeks attractive lady, Manchester/Cheshire. Photo please. Box 0864.**COMPOSER** (traditional classical), 31, works as accountant to pay mortgage, good (allegedly cynical) sense of humour, likes: concerts, opera, pubs, eating out, entertaining, travel. Hates: discos, parties, pseudo arty types. Seeks lady (25-35) preferably single for companionship/long term relationship. Love of music desirable but not essential; sense of humour a must. London. Box 0964.**DISTINGUISHED, WEALTHY**, medical widower, 58, seeks intelligent, attractive partner, 30-40, exotic life style, travel and excitement. Photo essential. Box 1064.**PROFESSIONAL BACHELOR**, humorous, handsome, home-loving, country type, 37, tall, non-smoker. Interests include walking, travel, cinema. Seeks attractive lady for long term commitment, yes marriage! Photo appreciated and returned. ALA. Box 1164.**SLENDER, ENCHANTING** female, 30, seeks affectionate, brainy, unattached male, under 40, near London. Photo preferred. Box 1264.**WITTY CHRISTIAN** male companion sought by 30 year old female city professional for active outdoor pursuits, social evenings and spiritual development. Box 1364.**CUTE**, Kashmiri kitten requires distraction in the form of erudite, dashing dude (25-35) with wide ranging tastes in everything. On offer: warmth, wit, wonderful weekends. Please write now, enclosing pic. Box 1564.**ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL** West Yorkshire lady, 39, seeks warm, humorous, uncomplicated chap; for walks, talks and wild nights out. Box 1664.**EXTROVERT, EDUCATED**, professional man, 44, successful, sensual, warm, wise, happily married, seeks compatible woman as friend/lover. Box 1764.**MALE OUTDOOR TYPE**, 34, slim, single, graduate, seeks lively, attractive female for fun, friendship and laughter. Kent. Photo appreciated. Box 1864.**GOOD LOOKING**, rich, handsome, tall, well-dressed, elegant, fun loving 44 year old man requires women for fun loving relationship. Phone 0836 657999, Keith.**WANTED: GENTLEMAN**, 50ish, preferably own professional practice, for loving relationship by a lady of 50; but you will be pleasantly surprised! Box 2064.**FUN LOVING**, serious male, 43, well educated seeks happy, attractive female under 40. You can be single, married, separated, divorced, with children, just so long as you're good company. Photo appreciated. London area. Box 2164.**VOUS ETRE FRANCAISE?** Petite, jolie, 50/55? Englishman; tall, slim, educated, artistic, practical; seeks companion share seaside, countryside, museums. Photograph welcome. ALA. Box 2264.**WORKAHOLIC**, entrepreneur, 37, seeks slim, slightly crazy female to teach him how to relax and have fun again. Box 2464.**TALL, SLIM, PROFESSIONAL** man (42) needs attractive, sensual, stockinged lady for long romantic affair of lazy picnics, candlelit dinners and four poster beds. Bristol/Thames Valley. Photo appreciated. Box 2564.**MALE, 31**, single, engineer, enjoys art, travel, seeks female similar interests. London. Box 2664.**SINGLE HANDSOME** caring male, 21+, wanted by shy, adventurous animal lover. Sussex. Box 23664.**CHESHIRE/ANYWHERE** Married man, 28, more than presentable seeks woman for friendship/comfort/sex. Marriage dead. Very genuine. Correspond initially if preferred. No pressure. Box 23764.**ENGINEER**, 40, 6'2", slim, unattached, seeks attractive, witty, possibly anorexic female for evenings out, culture and fun. Non-smoker. Photo appreciated. London/SE. Box 23864.**WHAT'S ON OFFER?** Easy bits first: male, just 50, bright, slim, fit, energetic, successful. Very entertaining, even more impatient. Delicious lifestyle. Happy. More subjectively: old looks, young style, interesting, strong, perceptive. Seeking that special soulmate with whom to explore life's eternal paradoxes. Preferences? 30-40, slim, creative, all-weather, warm, feminine. Security with revolution. That's what's on offer. Box 23964.**YOUNG 45 YEAR** old company chairman, recently divorced, quite good looking, wealthy with usual Mercedes and Ferrari. Bored with current circle of ladies. Looking for special lovely lady as friend and lover, aged 21 to 45. Box 24064.**ENTHUSIASTIC LADY** lover, preferably with brain, sought by extensive 30 something professional man with nice hands. Humour, warmth, passion and secrecy offered and desired. No bimbos or loonies please. Wessex/Home Counties. Box 24164.**MALE, BEAUTIFUL**, dark, 19. Wants female, beautiful, 26+. Photograph. Box 24264.**ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT**, school-of-76 female (34) wants sensitive, humorous male for theatre, concerts, fun or longer liaison. Bucks/Berks. Photo please. Box 24364.**QUIET, CHASTE**, humorous, single male graduate, youthful 33, own house, cheerful but rather lonely, seeks chaste girl, late 20s-ish (school teacher type?) for marriage and kids. Herts. Box 0464.**SLIM, ATTRACTIVE**, professional lady, 25, seeks successful, attractive man, 27-38 for friendship, love and fun. New to Cardiff area. Photo appreciated. Box 24464.**SEEKING UNATTACHED** man, 44-58. Educated woman with small business in London needs sophisticated but unpretentious soulmate with the funds and energy to enjoy life. First time at this — please make it my last! Box 24564.**BUCKS BASED** balloonist, 43, seeks adventurous passenger/playmate for occasional no ties flights of fantasy and down to earth fun. Box 24664.**PRETENTIOUS BASTARD** (32) craves little black dress for mountain bike holidays to Bayreuth and Ghardaia. Must have warm feet. Bristol/Plymouth. Box 24764.**THREE FIT MALES** with own businesses, three country cottages in West Sussex and 850 BHP between them are into motorsports, hang gliding, bobsledding, skiing, rugby, tennis and boats and without any ties, seek attractive females for fun times. Contact Box 24864.**WANTED** Single male N/S, 30-45, intelligent graduate, well travelled, creative, emotionally expressive, must enjoy the finer side of life, for small, slim, fair haired, attractive female. Photograph essential. West London, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Oxon, Worcester areas. Box 24964.**ACADEMIC MAN**, 40s, seeks special lady. Yorkshire. Box 26164.**TERROR ON YOUR TELEPHONE****true  
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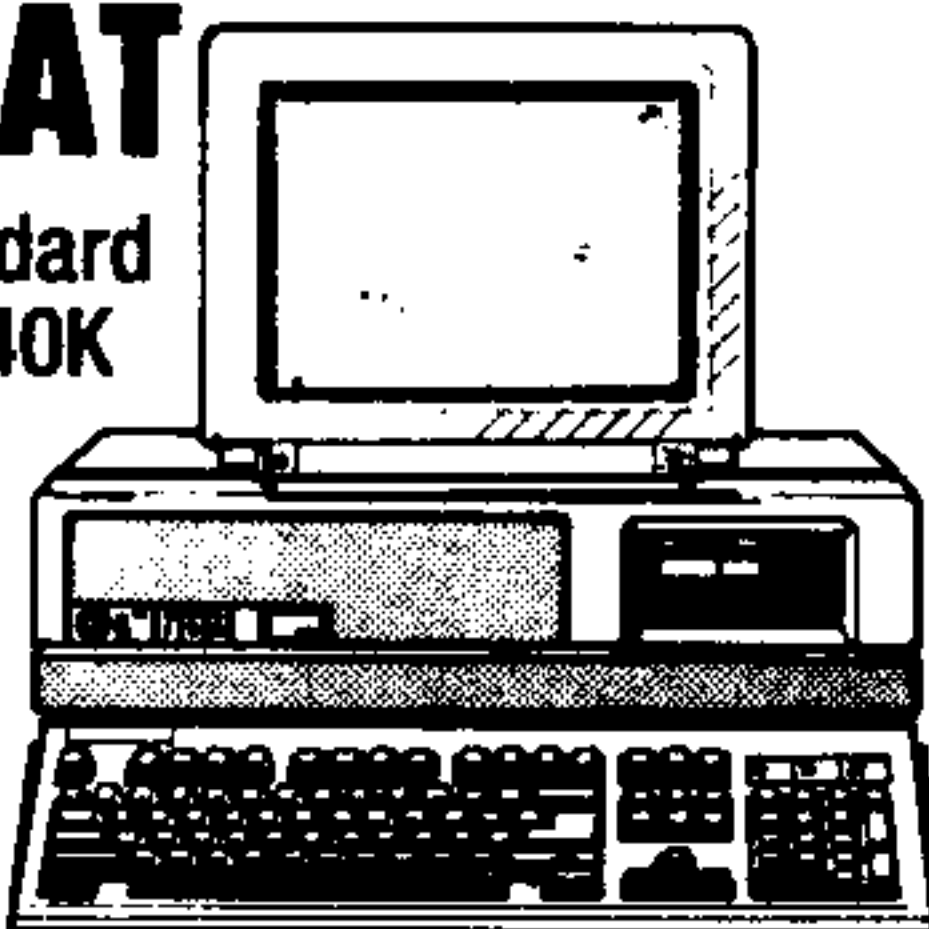
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